THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1656.

Original Poetry.

THE FELON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ISAAC JENKINSON.

An erring one lay dying, in a prison damp and drear,
No kindly heart was near him or friendly voice to cheer,
But the dark impatient glances of the keeper coldly shone,
Unmoved by the sorrow of the felon's dying groan.
He was a truant one, whose wanderings from virtue and from truth,
Had brought him thus to judgment in the spring-tide of his youth,
And ere his broken spirit to eternal realms would roam,
He would send a parting message to the stricken ones at home.

"Oh! tell my aged father, though the counsellings he gave,
Were lost upon his worthless son, who would not let them save,
Who ran, with wild and reckless feet, in paths of sin and shame,
And covered with dishonor that father's spotless name;
That ever to his wayward heart, his father's love has been
The polar star that guided him from paths of deeper sin,
And ere he sinks dishonored to a felon's darksome grave,
His father's full forgiveness, with repentant tears, would crave.

"Oh! tell my stricken mother, though her heart is rudely riven,
Her wild and sinful son still hopes by her to be forgiven;
Oh! tell her, when his spirit sank amid the chilling gloom
That circles o'er, with sick'ning dread, the wretched felon's tomb,
He had no thought more filled with fear, none fuller of despair,
Than that his mother's earnest love might e'en forsake him there;
Oh! tell her, when her erring son lies cold beneath the sod,
To name him, as she ever has, when bowing unto God.

"And tell my darling sister, when her brother's name is heard
No longer in the household band—a strictly banished word,
To cherish still his memory, as when in youth we played
Along the summer streamlet's side, beneath the birchen shade;
Oh! tell her that her brother's heart has never been untrue,
But throbs with the same earnest love his early childhood knew,
And now, while sinking to a grave where all is dark and dim,
He prays that she will ever love and kindly think of him.

"And there is one, so deeply wronged I dare not speak her name,
Whose heart, 'mid every dark disgrace, has clung to me the same;
Oh! would that I could press her now unto my aching heart,
And hear, forgiven of my wrongs, her blessing ere we part;
Oh! tell her, when the gloom of death was gathering o'er my head,
My latest wish was that she still would love me when I'm dead;
Oh! tell her"—but his trembling voice no utterance could give,
And with her loved name on his lips, the felon ceased to live.

Fort Wayne, Ind., 1853.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "EOLINE," "LINDA," "MARCUS WARLAND," ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

Pale as the corse o'er which she leaned,
As cold, with stifling breath,
Her spirit sunk before the might,
The majesty of death!

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught—
The love he bore to learning was in fault."

Goldsmith.

The darkened room, the stilly tread, the muffled knocker and slowly closing door, announced the presence of that kingly guest, who presides over the empire of *terror* and the grave. The long-expected hour was arrived, and Mrs. Gleason lay supported by pillows, whose soft down would never more sink under the pressure of her weary head. The wasting fires of consumption had burned and burned, till nothing but the ashes of life were left, save a few smouldering embers, from which flashed occasionally a transient spark. Mr. Gleason sat at the bed's head, with that grave, stern, yet bitter grief on his countenance which bids defiance to tears. She had been a gentle and devoted wife, and her quiet, home-born virtues, not always fully appreciated, rose before his remembrance, like the angels in Jacob's dream, climbing up to heaven. Louis stood behind him, his head bowed upon his shoulder, sobbing as if his heart would break. Helen was nestled in her father's arms, with the most profound and unutterable expression of grief and awe and dread, on her young face. She was told that her mother was dying, going away from her, never to return, and the anguish this conviction imparted would have found vent in shrieks, had not the awe with which she beheld the cold, gray shadows of death, slowly, solemnly rolling over the face she loved best on earth, the face which had always seemed to her the perfection of mortal beauty, paralyzed her tongue, and frozen the fountain of her tears. Mittie stood at the foot of the bed, looking at her mother through the opening of the curtain, partly veiled by the long, white fringe that hung heavily from the sides, and which the wind blew to and fro, with something like the sweep of the willow. The windows were all open to admit the air to the faintly heaving lungs of the sufferer, and gradually one curtain after another was lifted, as the struggle for breath and air increased, and the light of departing day streamed in on the sunken and altered features it was never more to illumine. Mittie was awe struck, but she manifested no tenderness or sensibility. It was astonishing how so young a child could see *any one* die, and above all a *mother*—a mother, so kind and affectionate, with so little emotion. She was far more oppressed by the realization of her own mortality, for the first time pressed home upon her, than by her impending bereavement. What were the feelings of that speechless, expiring, but fully conscious mother, as she gazed earnestly, wistfully, thrillingly on the group that surrounded her? There was the husband, whom she had so much loved, he, who often, when weary with business, and perplexed with anxiety, had seemed careless and indifferent, but who, as life waned away, had shown the tenderness of love's early day, and who she knew would mourn her deeply and *long*. There was her noble, handsome, warm-hearted, high-souled boy—the object of her pride, as well as her affection—he, who had never wilfully given her a moment's pain,—and though his irrepressive sighs and suffocating sobs she would have hushed, at the expense of all that remained of life to her,—there was still a music in them to her dying ear, that told of love that would not forget, that would twine in perennial garlands round her grave. Poor little Helen, as she looked at her pale, agonized face, and saw the *terror* imprinted there, she remembered what she had once said to Miss Thusa, of being after death an object of *terror* to her child, and she felt a sting that no language could express. She longed to stretch out her feeble arms, to fold them round this child of her prayers and fears, to carry her with her down the dark valley her feet were treading, to save her from trials a nature like hers was so ill-fitted to sustain. She looked from her to Mittie, the cold, insensible Mittie, whose large, black eyes, serious, but not sad, were riveted upon her through the white fringe of the curtain, and another sting sharper still went through her heart.

"Oh! my child," she would have said, could her thoughts have found utterance, "forget me if you will,—mourn not for me, the mother who bore you,—but be kind, be loving to your little sister, more young and helpless than yourself. You are strong and fearless,—she is a timid, trembling, clinging dove. Oh! be gentle to her, for my sake, gentle as I have ever been to you. And you, too, my child, the time will come when you will *feel*, when your heart will awake from its sleep—and if you only feel for yourself, you will be wretched."

"Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" were the meditations of the dying woman, when turning from earth, she raised her soul on high. "I leave my children in the hands of a heavenly Father, as well as a mighty God—in the care of Him who died that man might live forevermore."

But there was one present at this scene, who seemed a priestess presiding over some mystic rite. It was Miss Thusa. Notwithstanding the real kindness of her heart, she felt a strange and intense delight in witnessing the last struggle between vitality and death, in gazing on the marble, soulless features, from which life had departed, and composing the icy limbs for the garniture of the grave. She would have averted suffering and death, if she could, from all, but since every son and daughter of Adam were doomed to bear them, she wanted the privilege of beholding the conflict, and gazing on the ruins. She would sit up night after night, regardless of fatigue, to watch by the pillow of sickness and pain, and yet she felt an unaccountable sensation of disappointment when her cares were crowned with success, and the hour of danger was over. She would have climbed mountains, if it were required, to carry water to dash on a burning dwelling, yet wished at the same time to see the flames grow redder and broader, and more destructive. She would have liked to live near the smoke and fire of battle, so that she might wander in contemplation among the unburied slain.

The sun went down, but the sun of life still lingered on the verge of the horizon. The dimness of twilight mingled with the shadows of death.

"Take me out," cried Helen, struggling to be released from her father's arms. "Oh! take me from here. It don't seem mother that I see."

"Hush—hush," said Mr. Gleason, sternly, "you disturb her last moments." But Helen, whose feelings were wrought up to a pitch which made stillness impossible, and restraint agonizing, darted from between her father's knees and rushed into the passage. But how dim and lonely it was! How melancholy the cat looked, waiting near the door, with its calm, green eyes turned towards the chamber where its gentle mistress lay! It rubbed its white, silky sides against Helen, purring solemnly and musically, but Helen recollected many a frightful tale of cats, related by Miss Thusa, and recoiled from the contact. She longed to escape from herself, to escape from a world so dark and gloomy. Her mother was going, and why should she stay behind? *Going!* yet lying so still and almost breathless there! She had been told that the angels came down and carried away the souls of the good, but she looked in vain for the track of their silvery wings. One streak of golden ruddiness severed the gray of twilight, but it resembled more a fiery bar, closing the gates of heaven, than a radiant opening to the spirit-land. While she stood pale and trembling, with her hand on the latch of the door, afraid to stay where she was, afraid to return and confront the mystery of death, the gate opened, and Arthur Hazleton came up the steps. He had been there a short time before, and went away for something which it was thought might possibly administer relief. He held out his hand, and Helen clung to it as if it had the power of salvation. He read what was passing in the mind of the child, and pitied her. He did not try to reason with her at that moment, for he saw it would be in vain, but drawing her kindly towards him, he told her he was sorry for her. His words, like "flaky snow in the day of the sun," melted as they fell and sunk into her heart, and she began to weep. He knew that her mother could not live long, and wishing to withdraw her from a scene which might give a shock from which her nerves would long vibrate, he committed her to the care of a neighbor, who took her to her own home. Mrs. Gleason died at midnight, while Helen lay in a deep sleep, unconscious of the deeper slumbers that wrapped the dead.

And now a terrible trial awaited her. She had never looked on the face of death, and she shrunk from the thought with a dread which no language can express. When her father, sad and silent, with knit brow and quivering lip, led her to the chamber where her mother lay, she resisted his guidance, and declared she would never, never go in *there*. It would have been well to have yielded to her wild pleadings, her tears and cries. It would have been well to have waited till reason was stronger and more capable of grappling with terror, before forcing her to read the first awful lesson of mortality. But Mr. Gleason thought it his duty to require of her this act of filial reverence, an act he would have deemed it sacrilegious to omit. He was astonished, grieved, angry at her resistance, and in his excitement he used some harsh and bitter words.

Finding persuasions and threats in vain, he summoned Miss Thusa, telling her he gave into her charge an unnatural, rebellious child, with whose strange temper he was then too weak to contend. It was a pity he summoned such an assistant, for Miss Thusa thought it impious as well as unnatural, and she had bound herself too by a sacred promise, that she would not suffer Helen to *fear* in death the mother whom in life she had so dearly loved. Helen, when she looked into those still, commanding eyes, felt that her doom was sealed, and that she need struggle no more. In despair, rather than submission, she yielded, if it can be called yielding, to suffer herself to be dragged into a room, which she never entered afterwards without dread.

The first glance at the interior of the chamber struck a chill through her heart. It was so still, so chill, so dim, yet so white. The curtains of white muslin fell in long, slumberous folds down to the floor, their fringes resting lifelessly on the carpet. The tables and chairs were all covered with white linen, and something shrouded in white was stretched out on a table in the centre of the room. The sheet which covered it flapped a moment as the door opened, and then hung motionless. The outline of a human form beneath was visible, and when Miss Thusa lifted her in her arms and carried her to the spot, Helen was conscious of an awful curiosity growing up within her that was stronger than her terrors. Her breath came quick and short, a film came over her eyes, and cold drops of sweat stood upon her forehead, yet she would not now have left the room without penetrating into the mystery of death.—Miss Thusa laid her hand upon the sheet and turned it back from the pale and ghastly face, on whose brow the mysterious signet of everlasting rest was set. Still, immovable, solemn, placid—it lay beneath the gaze, with shrouded eye, and cheek like concave marble, and hueless, waxen lips. What depth, what grandeur, what duration in that repose! What inexpressible sadness, yet what sublime tranquillity! Helen held her breath, bending slowly, lower and lower, as if drawn down by a mighty, irresistible power, till her cheek almost touched the clay-cold cheek over which she leaned. Then Miss Thusa folded back the sheet still farther, and exposed the shrouded form, which she had so carefully prepared for its last dread espousals. The fragrance of white roses and geranium leaves profusely scattered over the body, mingled with the cold odor of mortality, and filled the room with a deadly, sickening perfume. White roses were placed in the still, white, emaciated hands, and lay all wilted on the unbreathing bosom.

All at once a revulsion took place in the breast of Helen. It mocked her—that silent, rigid, moveless form. She felt so cold, so deadly cold in its presence, it seemed as if all the warmth of life went out within her. She began to realize the desolation, the loneliness of the future. The cry of orphanage came wailing up from the depths of her heart, and bursting from her lips in a loud, piercing shriek, she sprang forward and fell perfectly insensible on the bosom of the dead.

"I wish I had not *forced* her to go in," exclaimed the father, as he hung with remorseful anguish over the child. "Great Heaven! must I lose all I hold dear at once?"

"No, no," cried Miss Thusa, making use of the most powerful restoratives as she spoke, "it will not hurt her. She is coming to already. It's a lesson she must learn, and the sooner the better. She's got to be hardened—and if we don't begin to do it the Lord Almighty will. I remember the saying of an old lady, and she was a powerful wise woman, that they who refused to look at a corpse, would see their own every night in the glass."

"Repeat not such shocking sayings before the child," cried Mr. Gleason. "I fear she has heard too many already."

Ah, yes! *she had heard too many*. The warning came too late.

She was restored to animation and—to memory. Her father, now trembling for her health, and feeling his affection and tenderness increase in consequence of a sensibility so remarkable, forbid every one to allude to her mother before her, and kept out of her sight as far as possible the mournful paraphernalia of the grave. But a *cold presence* haunted her, and long after the mother was laid in the bosom of earth, it would come like a sudden cloud over the sun, chilling the warmth of childhood.

She had never yet been sent to school. Her extreme timidity had induced her mother to teach her at home the rudiments of education. She had thus been a kind of *amateur* scholar, studying pictures more than any thing else, and never confined to any particular hours or lessons. About six months after her mother's death, her father thought it best she should be placed under regular instruction, and she was sent with Mittie to the village school. If she could only have gone with Louis,—Louis, so brave, yet tender, so manly, yet so gentle, how much happier she would have been! But Louis went to the large academy, where he studied Greek and Latin and Conic Sections, &c., where none but boys were admitted. The teacher of the village school was a gentleman who had an equal number of little boys and girls under his charge. In summer the institution was under the jurisdiction of a lady,—in autumn and winter the Salic law had full sway, and man reigned supreme on the pedagogical throne. It was in winter that Helen entered what was to her a new world.

The little, delicate, pensive looking child, clad in deep mourning, attracted universal interest. The children gathered round her and examined her as they would a wax doll. There was something about her so different from themselves, so different from every body else they had seen, that they looked upon her as a natural curiosity.

"What big eyes she's got!" cried a little creature, whose eyes were scarcely larger than pin-holes, putting her round, fat face close to Helen's pale one, and peering under her long lashes.

"Hush!" said another, whose nickname was Cherry-cheeks, so bright and ruddy was her bloom. "She's a thousand times prettier than you, you little no eyed thing! But what makes her so pale and thin? I wonder—and what makes her look so scared?"

"It is because her mother is dead," said an orphan child, taking Helen's hand in one of hers, passing the other softly over her smooth hair.

"Mittie has lost her mother, too," replied Cherry-cheeks, "and she isn't pale nor thin."

"Mittie don't care," exclaimed several voices at once, "only let her have the head of the class, and she won't mind what becomes of the rest of the world."

A scornful glance over her shoulder was all the notice Mittie deigned to take of this acknowledgment of her eagle ambition. Conscious that she was the favorite of the teacher, she disdained to cultivate the love and good-will of her companions. With a keen, bright intelligence, and remarkable retentiveness of memory, she mastered her studies with surprising quickness, and distanced all her competitors. Had she been amiable, her young classmates would have been proud of the honors she acquired, for it is easy to yield the palm to one always in the ascendant, but she looked down with contempt on those of inferior attainments, and claimed as a right the homage they would have spontaneously offered.

Mr. Hightower, or as he was called Master High-tower, was worthy of his commanding name, for he was at least six feet and three inches in height, and of proportional magnitude. It would have looked more in keeping to see him at the head of an embattled host rather than exercising dominion over the little rudiments of humanity arranged around him. His hair was thick and bushy, and he had a habit of combing it with his fingers very suddenly, and making it stand up like military plumes all over his head. His features, though heavily moulded, had no harsh lines. Their predominant expression was good nature, a kind of elephantine docility, which neutralized the awe inspired by his immense size. On his inauguration morning, when the children beheld him marching slowly through the rows of benches on which they were seated, with a long, black ruler under his arm, and enthrone himself behind a tall, green-covered desk, they crouched together and trembled as the frogs did when king Log plunged in their midst. Though his good-humored countenance dispersed their terror, they found he was far from possessing the inaction of the wooden monarch, and that no one could resist his authority with impunity. He *could* scold, and then his voice thundered and reverberated in the ears of the pale delinquent in such a storm-peal as was never heard before—and he *could* chastise the obstinate offender, when reason could not control, most tremendously. That long, black ruler—what a wand it was! Whenever he was about to use it as an instrument of punishment, he had a peculiar way of handling it, which soon taught them to tremble. He would feel the whole length of it very slowly and carefully as if it were the edge of a razor,—then raise it parallel with the eyes, and closing one, looked at it steadily with the other. Then lifting it suddenly above his head, he would extend his broad, left palm, and give himself a blow that would make them all start from their seats. Of all crimes or vices, none excited his indignation so much as laziness. It was with him the unpardonable sin. There was toleration, forgiveness for every one but the *sluggard*. He said Solomon's description of the slothful should be written in letters of gold on the walls of the understanding. He explained it to them as a metaphor, and made them to understand that the field of the sluggard, overgrown with thorns and nettles, was only an image of the neglected and uncultivated mind. He gave them Doctor Watt's versification of it to commit it to memory, and repeated it with them in concert. It is not strange that Mittie, who never came to him with a neglected or imperfect lesson, should be a great favorite with him, and that he should make her the *star pupil* of the school.

Mittie was not afraid of being eclipsed by Helen, in the new sphere on which she had entered. At home the latter was more petted and caressed, the object of deeper tenderness, but there *she* reigned supreme, and the pet of the household would find herself nothing more than a cipher. She was mistaken. It was impossible to look upon Helen without interest, and Master Hightower seemed especially drawn towards her. He bent down till he overshadowed her with his loftiness, then smiling at the quick withdrawal of her soft, wild, shy glances, he took her up in his lap as if she were a plaything, sent for his amusement.

Mittie was not pleased at this, for though she thought herself entirely too much of a woman to be treated with such endearing familiarity, she could not bear to see such caresses bestowed on another.

"I wonder," she said to herself, with a darkening countenance, "I wonder what any one can see in such a little goose as Helen, *to take on about*? Little simpleton! she's afraid of her own shadow! Never mind! wait awhile! When he finds out how lazy she is, he'll put her on a lower, harder seat than his lap."

It was true that Helen soon lost cast with the uncompromising enemy of idleness. She had fallen into a habit of reverie, which made it impossible for her to fix her mind on a given lesson. Her imagination had acquired so much more strength than her other faculties, that she could not convert the monarch into the vassal. She would try to memorize the page before her, and resolutely set herself to the task, but the wing of a snow-bird fluttering by the window, or the buzzing of a fly round the warm stove, would distract her attention and call up trains of thought as wild as irrelevant. Sometimes she would bend down her head, and press both hands upon it, to keep it in an obedient position; but all in vain!—her vagrant imagination would wander far away to the confines of the spirit-land.

Master Hightower coaxed, reasoned with her, scolded, threatened, did everything but punish. He could not have the heart to apply the black ruler to that little delicate hand. He could not give a blow to one who looked up in his face with such soft, deprecating, fearful eyes—but he grew vexed with the child, and feeling of the edge of his ruler half-a-dozen times, declared he did not know what to do with her.

One night Mittie lingered behind the rest, and told him that if he would shut up Helen somewhere alone, *in the dark*, he would have no more trouble with her; that her father had said that it was the only way to make her study. It was true that Mr. Gleason had remarked, in a jesting way, when told of Helen's neglect of her lessons, that he must get Mr. Hightower to have a dark closet made, and he would have no more trouble; but he never intended such a cruelty to be inflicted on his child. This Mittie well knew, but as she had no sympathy with her sister's fears, she had no compassion for the sufferings they caused. She thought she deserved punishment, and felt a malicious pleasure in anticipating its infliction.

Master Hightower had no dark closet, but there was room enough in his high, dark, capacious desk, for a larger body than the slender, delicate Helen. He resolved to act upon Mittie's admirable hint, knowing it would not hurt the child to enclose her awhile in a nice, warm, snug place, with books and manuscripts for her companions.

Helen heard the threat without alarm, for she believed it uttered in sport. The pleasant glance of the eye contradicted the severity of the lips. But Master Hightower was anxious to try the experiment, since all approved methods had failed, and when the little delinquent blushed and hung her head, stammering a faint excuse for her slighted task, he said nothing, but slowly lifting up the lid of his desk, he placed his black ruler in a perpendicular position, letting the lid rest upon it, forming an obtuse angle with the desk. Then he piled the books in the back part, leaving a cavity in front, which looked something like a bower in a greenwood, for it was lined with baize within and without.

"Come, my little lady," said he, taking her up in his arms, "I am going to try the effect of a little solitary confinement. They say you are not very fond of the *dark*. Well, I am going to keep you here all night, if you don't promise to study hereafter."

Helen writhed in his strong grasp, but the worm might as well attempt to escape from under the giant's heel, as the child from the powerful hold of the master. He laid her down in the green nest, as if she were a downy feather, then putting a book between the lid and the desk, to admit the fresh air, closed the lid and leaned his heavy elbow upon it. The children laughed at the novelty of the punishment, all but the orphan child; but when they heard suppressed sobs issuing from the desk, they checked their mirth, and tears of sympathy stole down the cheeks of the gentle orphan girl. Mittie's black eyes sparkled with excitement; she was proud because the master had acted upon her suggestion, and inflicted a punishment which, though it involved humiliation, gave no real suffering.

Burning with shame, and shivering with apprehension, Helen lay in her darkened nook, while the hum of recitation murmured in a dull roaring sound around her. It was a cold winter's day, and she was very warmly clad, so that she soon experienced a glowing warmth in the confined air she was breathing. This warmth so oppressive, and the monotonous sound stealing in through the aperture of the desk, caused an irresistible drowsiness, and her eye-lids, heavy with the weight of tears, involuntarily closed. When the master, astonished at the perfect stillness with which, after a while, she endured the restraint, softly peeped within; she was lying in a deep sleep, her head pillowed on her arm, the tear-drops glittering on her cheeks. Cramped as she was, the unconscious grace of childhood lent a charm to her position, and her sable dress, contrasting with the pallor of her complexion, appealed for compassion and sympathy. The teacher's heart smote him for the coercion he had used.

"I will not disturb her now," thought he; "she is sleeping so sweetly. I will take her out when school is dismissed. *I think she will remember this lesson.*"

Suffering the lid to fall noiselessly on the book, he resumed his tasks, which were not closed till the last beams of the wintry sun glimmered on the landscape. The days were now very short, and in his enthusiastic devotion to his duties, the shades of twilight often gathered around him unawares.

It was his custom to dismiss his scholars one by one, beginning with the largest, and winding up with the smallest. It was one of his rules that they should go directly home, without lingering to play round the door of the school-house, and they knew the Mede and Persian character of his laws too well to disobey them. When Mittie went out, making a demure curtsey at the door, she lingered a little longer than usual, supposing he would release Helen from her prison-house; but Master Hightower was one of the most absent men in the world, and he had forgotten the little prisoner in her quiet nest.

"Well," thought Mittie, "I suppose he is going to keep her awhile longer, and she can go home very well without me. I am going to stay all night with Cherry-cheeks, and if Miss Thusa makes a fuss about her darling, I shall not be there to hear it."

Master Hightower generally lingered behind his pupils to see that all was safe, the fire extinguished in the stove, the windows fastened down, and the shutters next to the street closed. After attending deliberately to these things, he took down his hat and cloak, drew on his warm woollen gloves, went out, and locked the door. It was so late that lights were beginning to gleam through the blinds of many a dwelling-house as he walked along.

In the meantime, Helen slumbered, unconscious of the solitude in which she was plunged. When she awoke, she found herself in utter darkness, and in stillness so deep, it was more appalling than the darkness. She knew not at first where she was. When she attempted to move, her limbs ached from their long constraint, and the arm that supported her head was fast asleep. At length, tossing up her right hand, she felt the resisting lid, and remembered the punishment she had been enduring. She tried to spring out, but fell back several times on her sleeping arm, and it was long before she was able to accomplish her release in the darkness. She knew not where she was jumping, and fell head first against the master's high-backed chair. If she was hurt she did not know it, she was so paralyzed by terror. She could not be alone! They would not be so cruel as to leave her there the live-long winter's night. They were only frightening her! Mittie must be hiding there, waiting for her. *She* was not afraid of the dark.

"Sister," she whispered. "Sister," she murmured, in a louder tone. "Where are you? Come and take my hand."

The echo of her own voice sounded fearful, in those silent walls. She dared not call again. Her eyes, accustomed to the gloom, began to distinguish the outline of objects. She could see where the long rows of benches stood, and the windows, all except those next the street, grew whiter and whiter, for the ground was covered with snow, and some of it had been drifted against the glass. All at once Helen remembered the *room*, all dressed in white, and she felt the *cold presence*, which had so often congealed her heart. Her dead mother seemed before her, in the horror, yet grandeur, of her last repose. Unable to remain passive in body, with such travail in her soul, she rushed towards the door—finding the way with her groping hands. It was locked. She tried the windows—they were fastened. She shrieked—but there was none to hear. No! there was no escape—no hope. She must stay there the whole long, dark night, if she lived, to see the morning's dawn. With the conviction of the hopelessness of her situation, there arose a feeling, partly despair and partly resignation. She was very cold, for the fire had long been extinguished, and she could not find her cloak to cover her.

She was sure she would freeze to death before morning, and Master Hightower, when he came to open the school, would see her lying stiff and frozen on the floor, and be sorry he had been so cruel. Yes! she would freeze, and it was no matter, for no one cared for her; no one thought of coming to look for her. Father, brother, Miss Thusa, Mittie—all had deserted her. Had her mother lived, *she* would have remembered her little Helen. The young doctor, he who had been so kind and good, who had come to her before in the hour of danger, perhaps he would pity her, if he knew of her being locked up there in loneliness and darkness.

Several times she heard sleighs driving along, the bells ringing merrily and loud, and she thought they were going to stop—but they flew swiftly by. She felt as the mariner feels on the desert island, when he spies a distant sail, and tries in vain to arrest the vessel, that glides on, unheeding his signal of distress.

"I will say my prayers," she said, "if I have no bed to lie down on. If God ever heard me, He will listen now, for I've nobody but Him to go to."

Kneeling down in the darkness, and folding her hands reverently, while she lifted them upwards, she softly repeated the prayer her mother had taught her, and, for the first time, the spirit of it entered her understanding. When she came to the words—"Give us this day our daily bread," she paused. "Thou hast given it," she added, "and oh! God, I thank Thee." When she repeated—"Forgive my sins," she thought of the sin, for which she was suffering so dreadful a punishment. She had sinned in disobeying so kind a teacher. She ought to study, instead of thinking of far-off things. She did not wonder the master was angry with her. It was her own fault, for he had told her what he was going to do with her; and if she had not been idle, she might have been at home by a warm fire, safe in a father's sheltering arms. For the first time she added something original and spontaneous to the ritual she had learned. When she had finished the beautiful and sublime doxology, she bowed her head still lower, and repeated, in accents trembling with penitence and humility—

"Only take care of me to-night, our Father who art in heaven, and I will try and sin no more."

Was she indeed left forgotten there, till morning's dawn?

When Master Hightower bent his steps homeward, he was solving in a peripatetic manner, a problem of Euclid. When he arrived at his lodgings, seated himself by the blazing fire, and stretched out his massy limbs to meet the genial heat, in the luxurious comfort he enjoyed, the cares, the bustle, the events of the day were forgotten. A smoking supper made him still more luxuriously comfortable, and a deeper oblivion stole over him. It was not likely that the fragrant cigar he then lighted as the crowning blessing of the evening, would recall to his mind the fireless, supperless, comfortless culprit he had left in such "durance vile." Combing his hair suddenly with the fingers of his left hand, and leaning back in a floating position, he watched the smoke-rings, curling above his head, and fell into a reverie on Natural Philosophy. He was interrupted by the entrance of Arthur Hazleton, the young doctor.

"I called for the new work on Chemistry, which I lent you some time since," said Arthur. "Is it perfectly convenient for you to let me have it now?"

"I am very sorry," replied the master, "I left it in the school-room, in my desk."

His desk! yes! and he had left something else there, too.

"I will go and get it," he cried, starting up, suddenly, his face reddening to his temples. "I will get it, and carry it over to you."

"No, give me the key of the school house, and I will spare you the trouble. It is on my homeward way."

"I *must* go myself," he replied, cloaking himself with wonderful celerity, and taking a lantern from the shelf. "You can wait here, till I return."

"No such thing," said Arthur. "Why should I wait here, when I might be so far on my way home?"

The master saw that it was in vain to conceal from him the incarceration of little Helen, an act for which he felt sorry and ashamed; but thinking she might still be asleep, and that he might abstract the book without the young doctor being aware of her presence, he strode on in silence, with a speed almost superhuman.

"You forget what tremendous long limbs you have," exclaimed the young doctor, breathless, and laughing, "or you would have more mercy on your less gifted brethren."

"Yes—yes—I do forget," cried his excited companion, unconsciously betraying his secret, "as that poor little creature knows, to her cost."

"I may as well tell you all about it," he added, answering Arthur's look of surprise and curiosity, seen by the lantern's gleam—"since I couldn't keep it to myself."

He then related the punishment he had inflicted on Helen, and how he had left her, forgotten and alone.

The benevolent heart of the young doctor was not only pained, but alarmed by the recital. He feared for the effects of this long imprisonment on a child so exquisitely sensitive and timid.

"You don't know the child," said he, hastening his pace, till even the master's long strides did not sweep more rapidly over the snowy ground. "You have made a fatal experiment. I should not be surprised if you made her a maniac or an idiot."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the conscience-stricken teacher, and his huge hand trembled on the lock of the door.

"Go in first," said he to Arthur, giving him the lantern. "She will be less afraid of you than of me."

Arthur opened the door, and shading the lantern, so as to soften its glare, he went in with cautious steps. A little black figure, with white hands and white face was kneeling between the desk and the stove. The hands were clasped so tightly, they looked as if they had grown together, and the face had a still, marble look—but life, intensely burning life, was in the large, wild eyes uplifted to his own.

"Helen, my child!" said he, setting the lantern on the stove, and stooping till his hair, silvered with the night-frost, touched her cheek.

With a faint but thrilling cry, she sprang forward, and threw her arms round his neck; and there she clung, sobbing one moment, and laughing the next, in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude.

"I thought you'd come, if you knew it," she cried.

This implicit confidence in his protection, touched the young man, and he wrapped his arms more closely round her shivering frame.

"How cold you are!" he exclaimed. "Let me fold my cloak about you, and put both your hands in mine, they are like pieces of ice."

"Helen, you poor little forlorn lamb," cried a rough, husky voice—and the sudden eclipse of a great shadow passed over her. "Helen, I did not mean to leave you here—on my soul I did not. I forgot all about you. As I hope to be forgiven for my cruelty, it is true. I only meant to keep you here till school was dismissed—and I have let you stay till you are starved, and frozen, and almost dead."

"It was my fault," replied Helen, in a meek, subdued tone, "but I'll try and study better, if you won't shut me up here any more."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed the master, "what a little angel of goodness she is. You shall have all the sunshine of the broad earth, after this, for all my shutting out one ray from your sweet face. That's right—bring her along, doctor, under your cloak, and don't let the frost bite her nose—I'll carry the lantern."

Wondering that the father had not sought for his lost child, Arthur carried her home, while the master carefully lighted their slippery path.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. Gleason, on seeing his little daughter brought home in such a state, for he imagined her at the fireside of one of her companions, in company with her sister. Her absence had consequently created no alarm.

Not all the regret and compunction expressed by Master Hightower could quell the rising surge of anger in the father's breast. His brow grew dark, and Miss Thusa's darker still.

"To lock up a poor, little, motherless thing, such a night as this!" muttered she, putting her spectacles, the thermometer of her anger, on the top of her head. "To leave her there to perish. Why, the wild beasts themselves would be ashamed of such behaviour, let alone a man."

"Don't, Miss Thusa," whispered Helen, "he is sorry as he can be. I was bad, too, for I didn't mind him."

"I do not wonder at your displeasure, sir," said the master, turning to Mr. Gleason, with dignity; "I deserve to feel it, for my unpardonable forgetfulness. But I must say in my defence, I never should have thought of such a punishment, had it not been suggested by yourself."

"Suggested by me!" repeated Mr. Gleason, angrily; "I don't know what you mean, sir!"

"Your eldest daughter brought me a message, to this effect—that you desired me to try solitary confinement in the dark, as the most effectual means to bring her to obedience; having no other dark place, I shut her in my desk, and never having deposited a living bundle there before, I really think I ought to be pardoned for forgetting her."

"Is it possible my daughter carried such a message to you from me," cried Mr. Gleason, "I never sent it."

"Just like Mittie," cried Miss Thusa, "she's always doing something to spite Helen. I heard her say myself once, that she despised her, because everybody took her part. Take her part—sure enough. The Lord Almighty knows that a person has to be abused before we *can* take their part."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Gleason, mortified at this disclosure of Mittie's unamiable disposition, and shocked at the instance first made known to him. "This is not a proper time for such remarks; I don't wish to hear them."

"You ought to hear them, whether you want to or not," continued the indomitable spinster, "and I don't see any use in palavering the truth. Master Hightower and Mr. Arthur knows it by this time, and there's no harm in talking before them. Helen's an uncommon child. She's no more like other children, than my fine linen thread is like twisted tow. She won't bear hard pulling or rough handling. Mittie isn't good to her sister. You ought to have heard Helen's mother talk about it before she died. She was afraid of worrying you, she was so tender of your feelings. 'But, Miss Thusa,' says she, 'the only thing that keeps me from being willing to die, is this child;' meaning Helen, to be sure. 'But, oh, Miss Thusa,' says she, and her eyes filled up with tears, 'watch over her, for my sake, and see that she is gently dealt by.'"

A long, deep sigh burst from the heart of the widower, sacred to the memory of his buried wife. Another heaved the ample breast of the master for the disclosure of his favorite pupil's unamiable traits.

The young doctor sighed, for the evils he saw by anticipation impending over his little favorite's head. He thought of his gentle mother, his lovely blond sister, of his sweet, quiet home, and wished that Helen could be embosomed in its hallowed shades. Young as he was, he felt a kind of fatherly interest in the child—she had been so often thrown upon him for sympathy and protection. (His youth may be judged by the epithet attached to his name. There were several young physicians in the town, but he was universally known as *the* young doctor.) From the first, he was singularly drawn towards the child. He pitied her, for he saw she had such deep capacities of suffering—he loved her for her dependence and helplessness, her grateful and confiding disposition. He wished she were placed in the midst of more genial elements. He feared less the unnatural unkindness of Mittie, than the devotion and tenderness of Miss Thusa—for the latter fed, as with burning gas, her too inflammable imagination.

"The next time I visit home," said the young doctor to himself, "I will speak to my mother of this interesting child."

Then Mittie was brought face to face with her father; he upbraided her sternly for her falsehood, and for making use of his name as a sanction for her cruelty.

"You did say so, father!" said she, looking him boldly in the face, though the color mounted to her brow. "You did say so—and I can prove it."

"You know what I said was uttered in jest," replied the justly incensed parent, "that it was never given as a message, that it was said to her, not you."

"I didn't give it as a message," cried Mittie, undauntedly; "I said that I had heard you say so—and so I did. Ask Master Hightower, if you don't believe me."

There was something so insolent in her manner, so defying in her countenance, that Mr. Gleason, who was naturally passionate, became so exasperated that he lifted his hand with a threatening gesture, but the pleading image of his gentle wife rose before him and arrested the chastisement.

"I cannot punish the child whose mother lies in the grave," said he, in an agitated tone, suffering his arm to fall relaxed by his side. "But, Mittie, you are making me very unhappy by your misconduct. Tell me why you dislike your innocent little sister, and delight in giving her pain, when she is meek and gentle as a lamb?"

"Because you all love her better than you do me," she answered, her scornful under lip slightly quivering. "Brother Louis don't care for me; he always gives everything he has to Helen. Miss Thusa pets her all the day long, just because she listens to her ugly old stories; and you—and you, always take her part against me."

"Mittie, don't let me hear you make use of that ridiculous phrase again; it means nothing, and has a low, vulgar sound. Come here, my daughter—I thought you did not care about our love." He took her by the hand and drew her, in spite of her resistance, between his knees. Then stroking back the black and shining hair from her high, bold brow, he added.

"You are mistaken, Mittie, if you do not think that we love you. I love you with a father's tender affection; I have never given you reason to doubt it. If I show more love for Helen, it is only because she is younger, smaller, and winds herself more closely around me by her loving, affectionate ways; she seems to love me better, to love us all better. That is the secret, Mittie; it is love, cling to our hearts as Helen does, and we will never cast you off."

"I can't do as Helen does, for I'm not like her," said Mittie, tossing back her hair with her own peculiar motion; "and I don't want to be like her; she's nothing but a coward, though she makes believe half the time, to be petted, I know she does."

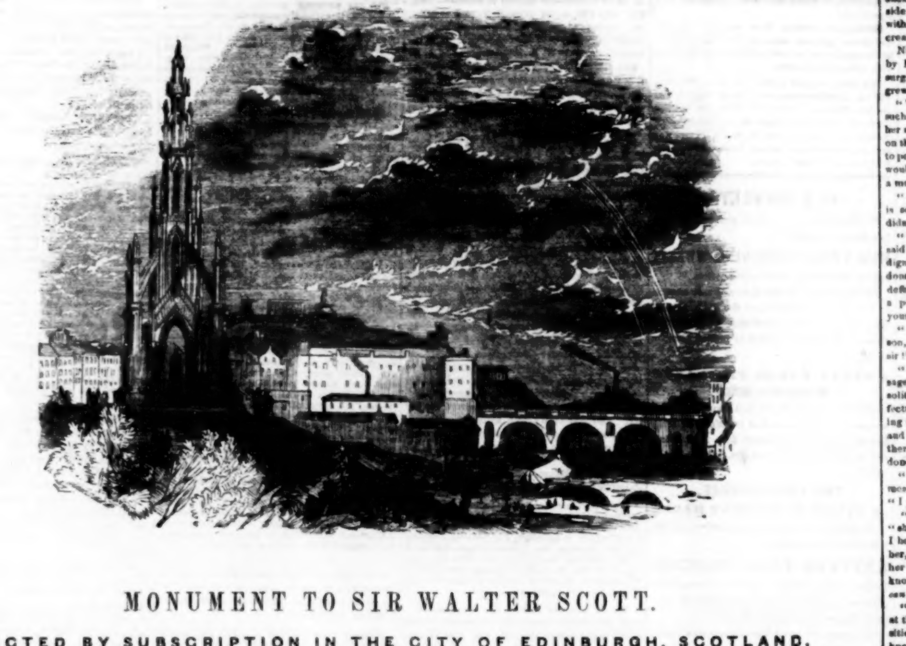
"Incorrigible child!" cried the father, pushing back his chair, rising and walking the room back and forth, with a sad and clouded brow. He had many misgivings for the future. The frank, convivial, generous spirit of Louis would lead him into temptation, when exposed to the influence of seducing companions. Mittie's jealous and unyielding temper would embitter the peace of the household; while Helen's morbid sensibility, like a keen edged sword in a thin, frail scabbard, threatened, to wear away her young life. What firmness, yet what gentleness, yet what wisdom, what holy Christian principles were requisite for the responsibilities resting upon him.

"May God guide and sustain me," he cried, pausing and looking upward.

"May I go, sir," asked Mittie, who had been watching her father's varying countenance, and felt somewhat awed by the deep solemnity and sadness that settled upon it. Her manner, if not affectionate was respectful, and he dismissed her with a gleaming hope that the clue to her heart's labyrinth—that labyrinth which seemed now closed with an immoveable rock, might yet be discovered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION IN THE CITY OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Selected Articles.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

[The following fine lines are the production of the late and much lamented Robert Gilfillan, and appeared originally in the Glasgow University Album:]

Son of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

Now thou departest away—far from the realms of day,
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming—thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness—yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy foot-steps be, there do we beauty see,
Thou harbinger day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn—high in the air upborne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory—they travel before thee;
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awakest from the ocean again.

All own thy influence—kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee—age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity—still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Son of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still art thou parting bright—shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night—hail! setting sun!

A VALUABLE HEAD OF HAIR.—The Paris ladies are wearing gold and silver dust in their hair. Their heads, so dressed, must be worth a mint of money. We have heard of damsels being so distressed as to be compelled to cut off their hair and sell it; but these ladies would command a large price for theirs, or probably they would keep it themselves, and coin their own silver or gold, by simply cutting off a curl, or as much as they wanted for their immediate necessities. Perhaps they pay their bills in this way? Perhaps, if a *lionne* is hard pressed for cash by some inexorable diamond merchant, or has not wherewith to discharge her debts at lansquenet, she unfastens her head-dress and pays her creditor in gold-dust, by putting into his hands an immense tuft of false hair, with a request "that he will oblige her with the difference." With this expensive fashion, a "Rape of the Lock" might become a very dangerous felony, and there's no doubt a hair-brained lover, if detected in the act of cutting an auriferous ringlet off the head of his beloved mistress, would be carried off to the *Bureau de Police*, and treated no better than a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had been caught picking her pocket. For ourselves, we do not much admire young ladies whose heads are full of nothing but gold and silver, though the *femmes-de-chambres*, who, of course, claim the washing of their hair-brushes as their perquisites, must be of a very different way of thinking.

Then, again, we always entertained an absurd notion that a woman, let her be ever so old, invariably looked upon the appearance of silver in her hair with the greatest horror; but fashion, it seems, will reconcile the fair sex almost to anything. However, this practice, if it spreads, of carrying your purse in your hair, will have the one great effect, before long, of altering the distribution of wealth upon the stage; and, instead of an old gentleman pulling out of his breast-coat a pocket-book plethoric with bank-notes, we shall quietly see him bare his bald head to the audience, and hear him exclaim:—"Here, young man, take this wig; it contains three ounces of gold dust—take it, and be happy!" In the meantime, we are afraid that poor lovers will find the fashion quite turning the ladies' heads, for, with their beautiful tresses powdered with five-franc pieces and Napoleons, it is but natural to suppose they will look at nothing short of a gold, or at least a silver key to open such very expensive locks!—*Punch.*

THE THOUGHTS OF A DAY.—If the thoughts which pass through the mind of a person in a day, could be gathered together and placed in the order in which they first appeared, what a mountain of ideas would be brought to view!—They would form a monster quilt of mental patchwork, checkered with pieces of every shape, size and hue. They would prove time, space and order to be nonentities compared with thought.

The speed with which they travel from place to place, as far exceeds that of electricity, as the rapidity of motion of that time annihilating substance does an ordinary canal-boat. One thought is resting upon the edibles for breakfast,—the next, in a second of time, has traversed the universe, and reached the sun's centre, wondering what it is made of; while a third is peeping into the snow-wreaths that circle round the cap of the topmost peak of Mount Blanc.

Then follows half a thought on death, and twenty on the means of keeping alive; two on the former President, and ten on the President elect; three on a new coat, and one on getting a pair of boots mended; six on the changes of life, and twelve on the change in the pocket. And, if the thinker should by chance be an editor, a thought apiece on shocking murders, horrible accidents, funny stories, sentimental poetry, and telegraphic news, with a thousand-and-one thoughts on delinquent subscribers.—*N. Y. Day-Book.*

"TAKE MY CAP."—A young gent recently regaled the ears of his bright particular with a somewhat protracted serenade, at the close of which the chamber window opened, and a small white package descended therefrom.—The enamored youth instantly secured the precious missive, and retired to a place of safety, and with a trembling hand proceeded to unfold—*a night-cap!*

Foreign Letter.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I proceed to fulfil the promise in my last, to give some account of the University in this city (Göttingen) and of the facilities for study which one enjoys here. What strikes one most forcibly in the institutions of learning in Germany, is the wide range of study they present, and the provision which they make for thoroughness in every branch. Students here are receiving instruction in Mining, "Forstwissenschaft" or Forest Science, Agriculture, Veterinary Science, Medicine, Surgery, Pharmacy, Law, Political Economy, Mathematics, Natural Science, in all its branches, Philology, Metaphysics, Theology, Riding, Dancing, Singing, Drawing, Engraving, and (I reserve the most important to cap the climax) Fencing. All these are connected with and under the control of the government of the University. The collateral aids to study are an extensive cabinet of Natural History, collected principally under the auspices of the celebrated Blumenbach; a botanical garden, rich in native and exotic plants, admirably arranged for study, and under the direction of an excellent, attentive and communicative botanist; and a library of nearly four hundred thousand volumes, probably the richest in English works of any on the continent. To this the student has free access, with liberty to take books from it to his study. The teaching force of the University consist of forty-five ordinary, and twenty-four extraordinary professors, with thirty-eight private teachers. Among the former are some of the most eminent men of Germany in the respective departments; Lücke and Gieseler as theologians; Ewald, second to none in the world, as an oriental scholar; Ritter as Metaphysician; Wöhler in Chemistry, and last, but by no means least, Gauss in Mathematics and Physics. The expenses of the student are much less than in America. In the medical department, the fee for each course of lectures is two louis d'ors, or about $8 30 per term of five months. In the theological, law, and philosophical departments, the latter being the great reservoir into which everything is thrown that does not properly belong to either of the others, the fee is a louis d'or. Many courses of instruction are entirely free. Private tuition can be had in almost every study for two louis d'ors per term.

I may take the chemical department as an illustration of the cheapness with which we may study here. The student may be in the laboratory from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, and for five hours of the day have the personal attention of Professor Wöhler, a man who stands among scientific men as high as any chemist in Europe. At all times he may have the advice and aid of the two assistants in the laboratory, both of whom are well "posted up," to use a mercantile phrase, in the science. For these facilities one pays about $17 per term. This is the only laboratory in Europe, as far as I know, where a man of equal scientific eminence of Professor Wöhler, gives his close, personal attention for so large a part of his time to his students. Beside the outlay of which I have spoken, most students find it more convenient to provide themselves with some of the most indispensable articles in the laboratory, but with $20 annually, one may cover all the expenses necessary to a profitable pursuit of the science of chemistry. I may say, however, that few Americans limit themselves to this amount, as most make outlays for apparatus which they take home. It will be seen then that providing for the mind is not a very expensive process. Providing for the body demands a little more of the "needful;" but it, too, is far from being expensive. One may have the best rooms in the city for 12 or 15 dollars per term. For this sum he obtains a neatly furnished sitting-room or study, and a bed-room provided with two beds, in true German fashion, one to sleep on, the other to sleep under. It is true, one must be satisfied with less than the luxuries that he finds at the Girard House, but he meets with comfort and cleanliness. I felt a slight twinge of conscience as I wrote the last word, but I have become a little tolerant. Landladies here cannot understand the fastidious notions of an Englishman or an American on the subject of bed linen, and instead of wasting argument upon them, it is best to give your laundress a few cents extra per week, and have the matter under your own control. Your breakfast and tea, and everything appertaining thereunto, are provided by the people with whom you live, and charged at prime cost. Your dinner may be had at a hotel, or you dine *schantee*. A man dines *schantee*, when he has his dinners brought to his room. About noon, wherever you go, you meet "Mad-cheens" running about the streets, with tall cylindrical baskets containing four or five deep dishes filled with the good things of this life. If you dine at the table d'hote of the best hotel in town, you pay $5,25 per month. You may dine very respectably *schantee* style for $3 per month. American students generally prefer to dine at a hotel. They think that eating twice a day with no company but your own shadow, is enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of solitude. The student will find books quite as costly here as at home, and in this respect Göttingen is a less favorable place for study than Berlin or Leipsic; and if I am permitted to form an opinion from the testimony of others, I should say this is the only point on which the latter may claim a superiority over this city.

If I were asked what sum is required for a year's study here, I think I might safely reply that $200 was a liberal allowance. One can get along very comfortably on $250. This, of course, does not include travelling expenses during vacation, if one wishes to travel, nor outlays for books, &c. One can very easily spend a great deal more, if he prefer devoting his time to the duelling-room to passing it in the library, if he frequent beer houses more than lecture-rooms—for such an one, I have no certain data upon which to base an estimate.—I can only say, that they charge a high price for very poor beer. A man can become stupidly drunk on lager beer for one-third less money in Philadelphia than in Göttingen.

The number of students at the University at present is about seven hundred, of whom nearly four hundred are Hanoverians. This is a much smaller number than frequented it thirty or forty years ago. In 1817, there were about eighteen hundred, but an unfortunate collision between the military and the students, which resulted in the death of several of the latter, led them to abandon the University in a mass. It has never recovered from the blow. The discussions between the Professors and King Ernest on his accession to the throne, which terminated in the expulsion of seven of the most distinguished and liberal members of the Faculty, gave it another shock, from which it has not recovered, though the King was obliged, during the troublous times of 1848, to permit their return.

Göttingen seems always to have been a favorite resort for American students. This Winter we have had fourteen here, eight of whom are at work in the laboratory of Professor Wöhler. I doubt whether there is a laboratory in Europe that presents a parallel to this, more than one-third of the tables occupied by Americans.

One need not spend a long time in Germany to be convinced that the patience and perseverance of the German student is characteristic of individuals, and not of the mass. You daily see men upon the wall, who realize all your conceptions of a "walking dictionary;" whose motions seem to be regulated by some external galvanic agency, for their minds appear to have remained in their rooms. But where you see one of these, you find twenty whose highest ambition is to curtail the fair proportions of an antagonist's nose, to give him a scar two inches long and as wide as your finger across his cheek, or leave him minus an eye. The devotees of the practical sciences are generally very industrious. My conviction of the idleness of others, who come here professedly to study, is based more upon observation than intimate acquaintance with any of the idlers. Let me give the facts from which I draw my conclusions.—About one-fourth of the students are members of "Chors," or associations for the promotion of duelling. A man who has connected himself with one of these, has little time for anything else, if he wishes to do himself credit and do justice to the important office which he has assumed. If he is a "Fox," or member for the first year, he has enough to do in waiting upon his "Bursch," or full-grown fox, and in practising two or three hours daily in the fencing-school, so that he, too, may have the glorious privilege of fighting and being fought. Then the young fox may have a weak head, unable to stand four, five or six bottles of beer, and the midnight debauch calls for the noontide sleep. Moreover, he must be present at all the duels, so that he may nurse his skill and courage by the sight. When it is remembered that the number of duels fought amount, on an average, to nearly three daily, it will be seen that this requires no little time. By the way I may as well remark, that eleven is the highest number fought in one day during this semester. Taking all these things into consideration, it will hardly be expected that a member of a "Chor" shall study a great deal. Another fourth of the students are members of other associations. These have advanced beyond the folly of wishing to mar the beauty of a fellow student's face, often a matter of no small difficulty. These associations are held together by the cohesive power of a love of beer. Three nights in each week they meet, not for literary or scientific purposes, but to play cards and drink beer. They have certain rules and regulations, having special reference to the manner, quantity and time of drinking. It is a document of about the size of the Constitution of the United States, and in the case of many students is vastly more important. Many of these combinations call themselves "Progress Associations." The most marked progress which they seem to exemplify, is from the state of a sober man at eight in the evening, to that of a noisy, stupid drunkard at one or two in the morning. The remainder of the students are "wild," as those are called who are not members of any association. It is among the wild students that most of the studying is done, though I am assured by those who ought to know, that even among the others, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances by which they are surrounded, respectable advances are made. If it is a fact, it is a remarkable instance on a small scale of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Such is a meagre, but, as far as it goes, a fair account of study and students in Göttingen. Doubtless there are redeeming qualities and extenuating circumstances in the roughest, idlest and most worthless of these associations, to give a bright side where I have only painted the shadow, and some day, when I am in the humor, I may try my hand with another pencil. Let me add, as a conclusion, that in respect to duelling, Göttingen is not to be taken as a type of a German University. It enjoys a bad preeminence in this respect. C. G.

Clippings.

☞ We were ruminating a few days since at a farm house, says a Western editor, and invited a young lady to favor us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in an adjoining room, her brother, a young gent of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments he returned and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel," and that the composer was singing in honor of her production in the fowl-house.

☞ Funny.—A couple of ladies, of dusky hue, called at an apothecary shop in Bowdoin Square, recently, to buy some "flesh-colored court plaster." The attendant produced a roll of white plaster, and was about to cut off sixpence worth, when one of the maidens interrupted him by asking, "Do you call that flesh colored, *sir?*" The polite apothecary, being previously abstracted in a pill mystery, looked up, took the hint, and instantly furnished a *flesh* colored plaster.

☞ A noted chap once went into the sanctum of an editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen, with whom he was on "bad terms." "I wish," said he, "that you would write a very severe article against B——, and put it in your paper." "Very well," was the reply, and after some conversation the visitor went away. The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement. "What did you put into your paper? I have had my nose pulled, and been kicked twice." "I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly returned the editor, "*and signed your name to it.*"

☞ Two travellers being robbed in a wood, and tied to trees some distance from each other, one of them in despair, loudly exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm undone!"

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you would come and undo me."

☞ If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbor, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar at night. They won't sleep any all that night for thinking of you.

☞ A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Leonidas and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburgh Quaker sends to a brother Quaker, in London, a sheet of letter paper, containing nothing whatever in the writing way, save a note of interrogation thus: (?). His friend returned the sheet, adding for a sole reply an 0. The meaning of the question and answer is as follows: "What news?" "Nothing."

☞ It is a little singular that, of five of the Presidential candidates—one, Webster, is dead; another, and the successful candidate, lost his little boy, soon after his election, by a most distressing accident, and his own and wife's lives were saved almost miraculously; while the third, fourth and fifth, viz.: Fillmore, Cass and Douglass, have each had to mourn the loss of their wives since the canvass. Surely, death strikes in high places.—*Portland Advertiser.*

☞ A Puzzle for Law Students.—In the case of Westby vs. Catcher and Skinner, sheriffs of London, for the escape of Bustard, reported by my Ld. Coke, (3 Coke, R. 71,) it was decided that "the law doth adjudge one, who remains in prison, to escape," and if "one, who is in execution, breaks the prison and go at liberty, it is no escape."

☞ He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favor.

☞ The nearest way to honor is for a man so to live that he may be found to be that in truth which he would be thought to be.

☞ A dozen very curious pins, composed of copper and zinc, for fastening dresses, and a silver tray of peculiar construction and workmanship, supposed to be about 500 years old, have been found in the body of the timber bridge which spans the Ness, at Inverness.

☞ Let the rules of art become a second nature to the poet; let him succeed in applying them as moral laws are naturally applied by a well-educated man, and then imagination will recover all its power and all its freedom.—*Schiller.*

☞ Childhood has a thousand beauties and attractions, but the choicest among them is laughter. Who can laugh like a child?

☞ A good man's heaven commences here. The same may be said of a wicked man's hell. To taste of paradise, all that's necessary is to taste of virtue. There's more sunshine in one good act, than in all the solar systems ever invented.

☞ The man who tied a knot in a *cord* of wood, wishes to know if you ever heard a haycock *crow*. The principal reason why astronomers are opposed to the "Maine Law" is, that it interferes with *sidereal* observations.

☞ An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off?

☞ There is but one way of being correct, and agreeing with every body; it is to say nothing that can be of any possible use to any one.

☞ As it Should Be.—In one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the "Railway Intelligence" is inserted next to the "Obituary."—*Punch.*

☞ Difference of Opinion.—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing in that from which within a few days I might dissent myself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

☞ A woman in Dutton, N. H., recently became the mother of four live, bouncing boys, at a single birth. At the latest advices, the whole crowd were doing not only "as well as could be expected," but rather better. The Boston Courier is authority for the announcement.

☞ It is both significant and instructive to notice upon what charges the Saviour was put to death. According to what is believed to be a true copy of the sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, the grounds of condemnation were these:—

1. Jesus is a seducer (probably from the established creeds and State).
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls Himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls Himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

☞ The New York Day Book has manned its composing room with women, and says they succeed admirably with the stick. How much better for them than making pantaloons for 12½ cents.

☞ The best defence of lying that I ever remember to have read, is the remark of Charles Lamb, related by Leigh Hunt, that "Truth was precious, and not to be wasted on every body."

☞ A distinguished American poet, lately resident in Italy, said the other day, "*There is not one contented man in the whole Peninsula.*" Another traveller has observed that "one-half of the Continent is in arms to keep the other half in prison."

☞ A Western editor, in answer to the complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, advised him when news was scarce, to read his Bible, which he had no doubt would be new to him!

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name *of* the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show *our* Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by Grace Greenwood. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

The Foreign News.—The news, up to the time of our going to press, is rather unimportant. Sir Lacy de Evans has given notice of his intention to call for the correspondence that has taken place between the British Government and Spain, France and the United States, concerning the alleged Cuba annexation project. Call away, Sir Lacy—our Government, which fortunately cannot keep a secret, probably let that cat out of the bag, so far as our portion of the correspondence is concerned, some time ago. And we should like to see the colors of the rival cats—and the length of their claws.

In the House of Lords, Lord Campbell called attention to the address recently presented by the London merchants to the Emperor of France, which he characterized as an interference with the prerogative of the crown, and a violation of the law of nations. That kind of talk might have done in England, some fifty years ago, but "it is too late," "Me Lud," to use those learned phrases in such a simple matter. According to the law of nations, an English merchant may speak to an Emperor, we suppose—even a French one. And if one may, why not twenty?

It is now said that the Pope refuses to come to Paris and crown Louis Napoleon, on account of the latter rather siding with Switzerland in her difficulties with Austria. The old Pope seems to have considerable difficulty with his spiritual children. All of them are not bad enough.

There are conspiracies and rumors of conspiracies all through Central Europe. Uneasy, again, lie the heads which wear a crown. In Germany we have accounts of a recently detected wide-spread conspiracy; and in Naples, several Swiss soldiers have been found assassinated in the streets, with poignards sticking in their breasts, to which pieces of paper were attached containing the words, "Vengeance of Mazzini." Those Swiss are pretty republicans—they go to the death for their own liberties, but will go just as far to fasten the chains upon others—that is, if any money can be made by the operation. Ah, well, we suppose poor human nature is about the same everywhere—leaving out those bright exceptions, which give us hope of what the men of the future are to be.

Great activity prevails in the Russian army—soldiers on furlough have been ordered to join their regiments—while the fleet in the Black Sea has been placed under the order of Constantine. Of course, Russia means nothing by it—more than to defend herself and assert her just rights, protect Christianity, &c.

A Legislative Dodge.—The present Constitution of New York, adopted in 1846, contains a provision that the daily pay of the Legislature always shall cease at the expiration of one hundred days. At the recent session, the hundred days having elapsed, the Legislature adjourned, although its business was left in a very unfinished condition. The Governor then summoned an extra session, enabling the Legislature to receive pay for another constitutional period. To throw a blind probably over the affair, the Legislature has taken a recess till some time in next month. Remarking upon this legislative dodge, the New York Tribune says:—

> One of these days, it will begin to be suspected that a man may be quite a shrewd horse jockey or serviceable tapster without being exactly the man for a law-maker. It may come to be asked whether an ambitious youth who never spent a single day in studying and reflecting on the principles of Legislation is fit to make laws, merely because he is "in" with the keepers of two or three popular grog-shops, and so is sure to "put through" his ticket at a primary meeting. It may even be suspected that the State cannot afford to take the greenest sort of apprentices to the law-making business, even at the low price of $3 per day. We know such day is yet at some distance in the future; but this Albany dodge has brought it much nearer than it seemed a week ago. Work and wait.

A Silver Mine.—An Arkansas subscriber, G. H. Morton, writes to us that he has discovered a silver mine, about half a mile from Brooklyn, which is situated at the mouth of the Big North Fork of White River, Izard County, Arkansas. He says that a travelling chemist and naturalist, who "has been in *all* of the silver mines in Central and South America," is of the opinion that the ore is of the right stripe, extensive and rich. We would caution our Arkansas friend, however, to remember that all is not silver that shines. There is more probability that "those who *call* themselves chemists," and pronounce the silver ore alluded to "iron, copper, or mica," are right, than the travelled gentleman aforesaid, who has had such a very extensive experience.

☞ *The Panther Fight in Arkansas, recorded in our news columns, hardly comports with the assertion made by the author of "A Yankee in Texas," that the Southern beasts of prey are cowardly and harmless, so far as man is concerned.*

The Murderer Spring.—It is now almost certain that Arthur Spring was the murderer of Rink. He confessed to Mr. McMakin, of the Grand Jury, that he was the first one in the store *after* the murder; accounting in this way for the umbrella which he had borrowed from Rink being found there. It also is reported that he was well acquainted with Mr. Roberts, of Camden County, N. J., who was waylaid and murdered some years since on his way home. The person who committed the deed jumped into the wagon, rifled Roberts's pockets, and drove back to the vicinity of Camden, where he left the team, and then crossed the ferry. The body of Roberts was found, horribly mutilated, and his pocket-book was discovered in the dock the next morning.

A Mr. Pratt, a grocer, has recognized Spring as the man whose suspicious conduct alarmed him very much one evening, as he was about shutting up his store. Spring followed him behind the counter, but a neighbor fortunately came in, and Mr. Pratt intimated to Spring that his presence was not agreeable.

These revelations prove the necessity of untiring efforts being made after every murder to discover the perpetrator. For if he be not discovered, his success in eluding the officers of the law stimulates him to new deeds of blood. Spring seems to have become perfectly reckless. The evidence of his son represents him as talking of killing men and women as coolly as a butcher would of slaughtering a bullock.

The Steam Fire Engine.—We have another letter from our correspondent relative to the Cincinnati Steam Fire Engine. He says it is universally acknowledged that more water can be put on a fire by this one engine than by all the rest of the Fire Department put together. It plays six streams, and gives the beholder a faint idea of the Falls of Niagara. The only danger appears to be that of sweeping off the whole city in a young flood. Probably if a fire were to last long enough, the Ohio River would be emptied of its water; but then, you see, it cannot last long enough. It only takes four men and four horses to manage it, thus occupying the place of some five hundred firemen fully equipped, including one hundred boys and two hundred rowdies. Four more steam engines are to be constructed as soon as possible—whether they will all be allowed to play at once, our correspondent does not mention. We should think it would be dangerous. The inventor's name is A. B. Latta, instead of H. B. Latta. What are our City Councils about that they do not investigate this matter? We wish Mr. Latta would invent us a City Government that would go by steam. It would be a great improvement.

Mexico.—Santa Anna landed at Vera Cruz on the 1st of April, "All Fool's Day"—rather ominous that—and was received with much enthusiasm. He immediately issued a proclamation, making magnificent promises of what he was going to do for his beloved country. The idea seems to prevail pretty extensively, that he will follow the example of Louis Napoleon, and proclaim himself Emperor. Such a step might be the best for Mexico as well as for himself. We are not sure but that we would advise him to that course, if he should despatch a messenger to ask our private opinion upon the subject. It does seem that Republicanism is fit for those only who are both mentally and morally men; and not for mere children—or worse—in mind and morals. People can be trusted to take care of themselves only in proportion to their knowledge of what is right and politic, and wrong and foolish, and their power of self-control to choose the former and avoid the latter. You may even give a nation, destitute of that knowledge and self-control, its liberties, and it cannot keep them a single year.

More Evil Fruit.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:

> We regret to announce that a lady of Northampton—a lady of beauty, loveliness and intelligence—the mother of six children, the youngest of which is an infant, has become a raving maniac, through the influence upon her mind of the spiritual manifestations. She was conveyed to the Brattleboro Insane Hospital on Wednesday, in such a state of excitement that it took two attendants to hold her.

We do not feel certain that Dr. Beecher is right relative to "demoniac possession;" but we do begin to feel tolerably well assured that the "old serpent" is at the bottom of this rapping business, some way or other. By the Mosaic law, they that tampered with such "spirits" were to be put to death; and what was so wrong as to be punished with death in the early ages of the world, can hardly be entirely right now. We would advise persons of very sensitive and excitable organizations especially, to give the "spirits" a wide berth—if they do not wish to pull up some day in an insane asylum.

A Terrible Tragedy.—Simon O. Keeler, son of Judge Keeler, at Decatur, Michigan, recently took advantage of his father's absence to kill his (Simon's) wife, and then kill himself. The husband, wife and father are said to have been very much attached to each other. Rum did it. The Judge, before leaving home, had said to his besotted son that if he would only promise to leave off liquor—knowing that what he promised he would perform—he would give him the free use of his farm, &c., amounting in all to about $500. The son admitted that he was killing himself, but evaded making the promise desired by his father, saying:—"Well, father, I will think it over, and when you come home, we will make it all right." Those were the last words ever spoken between them.

Nuts for Young Arithmeticians.—We see an account, credited to the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Herald, of a pigeon roost in that State, which commences about 28 miles from Fort Smith, and extends for upwards of 20 miles on either side of the Poteura river, (or *Poteau* river, as it is spelt on our map) to within a few miles of Waldron, in Scott Co. The question now is, how many pigeons are in that roost, estimating it at half a mile wide, and the trees "*pretty considerably thick*" with them? Also, how many bushels of grain will they consume a day—taking it for granted that they all have tolerably good appetites, and can get about half as much as they want? No one but a good scholar, who also is "good at guessing," need try to solve the above questions.

Advice to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.—After you have restored all the rowdy fire companies to service, pass a bill opening the doors of our penitentiaries and houses of refuge, with a special provision for the benefit of that much-injured and calumniated gentleman, Arthur Spring. Then wind up by abolishing our Courts of Justice—for what is the use of such Courts, if their judgments are to be set aside on every idle pretext. We would inform some of the Western members, who probably never have seen an Engine company, that Engine is the Philadelphia mode of spelling "*injin.*" An Engine company is often but another name for a company of half-civilized "*injins.*"

To Farmers.—We see it stated that a "*professorship* of farming" is about to be established at a literary institution in Fairfax, Vermont, with an endowment of $20,000. Of course, we suppose a little practice will go along with the "profession," or else the amount of good effected probably will be very trifling. Agriculture seems to us one of the last things in the world in which faith and works should be dissevered. The test of a theoretical principle in farming, is the Scriptural one, will it bring forth good fruit? If it will not, however specious and philosophical it may seem, it is proof that there is an error somewhere.

Misplaced Sneers.—Some of the newspapers are sneering at the merchants and bankers of London, for addressing the people of France on the subject of peace, disclaiming all hostile feelings towards their ancient enemy, and averring their conviction that the welfare of both nations depends on the cultivation of friendly feelings, and the continuance of existing amicable relations. Such sneers show what the Christianity of those who pen them is worth. The Saviour said: "Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth." And by the way, that is just what the merchants and bankers of London would like.

Kiss and Be Friends.—The State authorities of Maryland recently paid a fraternal visit to our legislators at Harrisburg. The "hatchet" was buried deeply in mountains of cake, and oceans of "the rosy"—Baltimore and Philadelphia were declared the two great cities of the Continent—the "border war" was pronounced decidedly *low*, and indefinitely postponed—the Union bag was exchanged—and the Marylanders departed homewards full of the conviction that—leaving out Maryland—Pennsylvania was the greatest State between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Greatest Lie of the Age.—The Russian court has addressed a note to Vienna, disavowing any intention to disturb the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. There probably could not be a greater lie than that uttered, unless Austria were to write back to the Czar that she believed him.

A JUST REBUKE.

We copy with pleasure from the "Daily Register," a criticism on what purports to be a biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, by the Rev.(!) J. S. C. Abbott, in process of publication in Harper's Magazine. While we were ignorant of the many blunders as to questions of fact committed by Mr. Abbott, we have been repeatedly shocked in reading the successive numbers of Harper, at the miserable sophistry and moral blindness displayed in depicting the selfish and unscrupulous career of Napoleon. We agree with the critic in pronouncing Mr. Abbott's history "wholly unworthy of confidence, and unfit, from its immoral tendencies, to be placed in the hands of the young." The "Register" says:

> Made up as this pretended history is of readable anecdotes, selected pretty much at random from the innumerable French works on the Emperor—those anecdotes interspersed with fulsome eulogies and conceited inferences by the author—it has attracted many readers, and contributed largely to the falsification of history, and the corruption of the minds of American youth. The reckless ignorance of the author is manifest on every page. In his unscrupulous attempt to deify Napoleon, he not only exaggerates what he did, but attributes to him the achievements of others. Any ragged urchin in Paris could have told Mr. Abbott, that what he calls "the triumphal arches of the Carrousel," and which he seems to think of such stupendous architectural excellence that they could only have been planned by the gigantic, immeasurable, superhuman, marvellous, and godlike genius of Napoleon, have always been thought to disfigure the *Place of the Carrousel*—they are shortly to be removed by the "nephew of his uncle," if they have not already been. The "triumphal arches of the Etoile" and the Pantheon are both ascribed to Napoleon by this unhesitating panegyrist; though Mr. Abbott need only have consulted any intelligent American who has visited Paris, or any guide-book of that city, to learn that Louis Philippe expended millions in elevating those very "triumphal arches," and that the Pantheon reared its dome to the sky years before Napoleon controlled the destinies of France. Yet this pseudo-historian assures us that "thousands of laborers reared *as if by magic*" those arches—and that the Pantheon is "from the hand of Napoleon." The limits of our notice forbid us to go farther into the details of misrepresentation and invention of facts by Mr. Abbott: his imagination in this respect seems inexhaustible.
>
> But our strongest objection to this mixture of fiction, unauthentic anecdote, and fulsome praise, palmed off as history on the American public, by an ex-clergyman, is the low tone of morality which seems to pervade it. We stand amazed at the audacity of the man who represents Napoleon as a Christian, and celebrates his triumph over "aristocratic infidelity;" who ascribes to him tact, courage, religion, generosity, magnanimity, compassionateness of disposition, freedom from demagogic arts, a body and mind incapable of fatigue, the purest sentiment of love, and the most absolute charity; who says that "the power he loved was the power of educating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect and to comfort," that "the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known," and that, compared with his own class, "Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington." Napoleon's ambition, towering as it was, must be allowed to be inferior to the hardihood of his republican biographer. Under Mr. Abbott's pen, the divorce of Josephine, the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the habitual infidelity to Marie Louise, the crushing political and domestic tyranny which alienated from Napoleon the hearts of the middle and upper classes, and of nine-tenths of his own generals, lose all their harsh colors. Mr. Abbott's skill in glossing over Napoleon's treatment of Jerome's American wife is more lawyerlike than clerical. The daughter of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore was refused permission to land in France, was sent back broken-hearted and dishonored to her father's house, and her husband, who soon became as unprincipled as his brother, given in marriage to the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. This almost unparalleled outrage would have tasked for its defence the ingenuity of anybody except Mr. Abbott: he passes it over with the cunning plea for the bigamy that "it was deemed essential to the interests of France, that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which might strengthen their power." For these reasons, and many more, we must pronounce Mr. Abbott's story wholly unworthy of confidence, and unfit, from its immoral tendencies, to be placed in the hands of the young.

The Mint.—We give the following local information a prominent place, as a matter of interest to all who have occasion to use quarter "dollars and dimes:"

> There are now at the Mint in this city, nearly $2,000,000, and large accessions are daily received. The Mint is busily engaged in coining quarter dollars, dimes and half-dimes, a large number of which, it is said, will be shipped to California.
>
> The following statement has been prepared by the Director of the Mint, for the information of the public concerning the new issue of bars of gold authorized by Act of Congress:—"The bars of gold, issued by the Mint, are required by law, to contain a designation of the weight and fineness, and these, accordingly, are stamped upon them. The label, which is also glued to the bar, is not of any legal value, but is a mere memorandum of information, which it was supposed an owner might wish to have, namely, as to the contents of the bar in value and as to the nett amount which would be paid if the bar were afterwards returned to the Mint. The label, accordingly, states, first, the gross value, or the amount in dollars, which can be made from the bar, at which value it is paid out to the owner. Secondly, a statement is made of the deduction of one-half per cent., which will be levied for the expense of coining, in case the bar is returned to the Mint for that purpose. Third, the nett amount which can consequently be realized in coin at the Mint. The last amount constitutes the cash value, below which the bars should never be sold, as they can always be realized at that rate at the Mint, and hereafter at the New York Assay Office, for purposes of export, for sale to manufacturers and other commercial purposes. They should have a still higher value, varying according to the circumstances of demand."

In the course of a few months, silver change probably will be as plenty as ever. That's "the good time coming," of which we have heard so much.

Good for Georgia.—They have eighteen Female Colleges in Georgia. That is beginning right—educate the women, and the children are almost certain to be intelligent. We judge that Georgia has made up her mind to be a great State some twenty or thirty years hence. She should see to it, however, that the children are educated as well as the mothers, by providing for a general system of Free Schools. There are few things more certain to our mind than this, that the States which have such systems are bound in the future to take the lead of their ignorant neighbors.

Intelligence in High Places.—The Paris correspondent of the "Register" says:

> The Emperor of Austria is reported entirely recovered. The Pope has sent him a tooth which His Holiness extracted himself from the jaws of St. Peter. This tooth, to be worn on the breast, is to preserve His Majesty from any further violence to his person. It is to be hoped that the Emperor has faith to stand this.

We think the tooth might prove effectual, if it were worn outside a good coat of mail.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company.—This Company decided, by a nearly unanimous stock vote, to accept the Supplement to its Charter, and subscribe to the Marietta and Cincinnati, Ohio and Indiana, and Springfield and Mount Vernon Railroads.

☞ We note that Louis Napoleon recently promised to the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, to "give that undertaking his countenance." All we have to say is that, if he does, it will have henceforward a very ugly look.

POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF WILLIAM R. KING.

Charleston, April 19th.

Vice President King, accompanied by his relatives, who had been with him in Cuba, arrived at his residence at Cahawba, Ala., on Sunday, the 17th inst.

His strength had been gradually failing ever since his arrival at Mobile, and on Monday evening he expired.

☞ The Palmer Journal man thus winds off an affecting notice of the death of his Shanghai rooster: "His voice, when heard amidst the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the bass of rumbling thunder amid the hum of a dozen spinning-wheels:

"Farewell, faithful servant, a lasting farewell;
From thy fate let all roosters take warning—
No more will thy voice, in a long and loud swell,
Awake us to get up and go to work, about half-past five o'clock in the morning."

☞ The Express train on the Hudson River Railroad, recently made the passage from New York to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles, in one hundred and seventy-one minutes.

☞ Eccentric Acting.—Forrest, performing at Boston, in pulling out old Lear's gray locks, tore off his wig, and showed a very respectable crop of black hair on the aged King.

☞ Mullony says he has two suits—one of satinet, the other of law; he is wearing out the first, and the other is wearing him out.

☞ It is stated that a man residing at Watertown, Jefferson County, keeps five thousand hens in a ten acre lot, with large suitable buildings all around, for their lodging, setting, and rearing chickens.

New Publications.

The Sunny Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage. By a Pastor's Wife. A truthful and touching story, narrating with earnest feeling the trials of a man of fine abilities and finished education, whose conscience has called him to the unappreciated labors of a country pastor. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

Simon Kenton; or, The Scout's Revenge. By James Weir. A historical novel of border life and scenes. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

History of the United States. From the First Settlement to the Peace with Mexico, in 1848. By William Grimshaw. Revised and Corrected, with Additional Chapters, by A. H. Grimshaw, A. M., M. D. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. Edited, with a Memoir, by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. A handsome edition. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Phila.

The Dyer's Instructor. By David Smith, Pattern Dyer. This volume comprises practical instructions for Dyeing Silk, Cotton, Wool, &c., &c. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada.

Perfumery: Its Manufacture and Use. From the French of Celnart, and other Late Authors. By Campbell Morfit. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Phila.

The Bourbon Prince. The History of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII. of France. This little volume has been derived from the large work of De Beauchesne, being a condensation of that portion which bears directly upon the personal history of the Dauphin. The death of the Dauphin is accepted as a historical fact, established by De Beauchesne beyond any chance of doubt. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The Lovers Stratagem; or, The Two Suitors. By Emilie Flygare Carlen, author of "Iva, or the Skjuts-Boy." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Fitzgerald's Grand March. Composed and Dedicated to Col. Fitzgerald, by Thomas a' Becket, of the Walnut St. Theatre. For sale at the music stores generally.

Yusef; or, The Journey of the Frangi. A Crusade in the East. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Etchings of a Whaling-Cruise," "Crusoe Life," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. We extract the following as the Eastern view of the beneficial results of polygamy:—

> Woman is an evil at best—indeed, I may say, the root of all evil. Now, your excellency knows, that by mixing two or more poisons together, a very harmless beverage may be produced. We consider that if a man be afflicted with a quarrelsome wife, who poisons his happiness, the best thing he can do is to get some more poison, and mix the two together; if two poisons won't answer, he should mix an additional number in the same way. The remedy is certain to effect a cure. When a woman has two or three fellow-wives to quarrel with, she can't spare much time to quarrel with her husband. Let a man act discreetly, and profess to love one a little better than another whom he originally professed to love best, and there will soon be a very lively state of hostility between the ladies of his household. While they are fighting, he can take it easy, and smoke the pipe of peace. That, sir, is the philosophy of combining evils; curing a wound by making another; the true principle of counter-irritation.

Examinations of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c., as to their Purity and Adulteration. By C. H. Peirce, M. D., Examiner of Medicines for the Port of Boston. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philada.

The Old Man's Bride. By T. S. Arthur. We have been able only to glance through this volume, but should think it was in the author's best style. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean, on Board an American Frigate. By N. Parker Willis. A republication of a volume greatly admired at the time of its first issue, some twenty years ago. Mr. Willis seems to have been born expressly to write sketches of foreign life and travel. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

The Pocket Carpet Bag. A miniature volume of choice selections, designed to be issued monthly by G. K. Snow, Boston.

Elementary Treatise on Book-Keeping. By S. W. Crittenden, Accountant. Published by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philada.

Putnam's Monthly. We have received the April number of this magazine, containing its usual excellent array of original contributions from American authors.

The Mississippi and Ohio Rivers: Containing Plans for the Protection of the Delta from Inundation; and Investigations of the Practicability and Cost of Improving the Navigation of the Ohio and Other Rivers by Means of Reservoirs. With an Appendix on the Bars at the Mouths of the Mississippi. By Charles Ellet, Jr., Civil Engineer. An interesting volume on an interesting and very important subject. It is published, in handsome style, with illustrative cuts, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

Reason and Faith, and Other Miscellanies of Henry Rogers, author of "The Eclipse of Faith." Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philada.

Bleak House. We have received the 13th number of this serial from Harper & Brothers, New York.

Elements of Health, and Principles of Female Hygiene. By E. J. Tilt, M. D., Senior Physician to the Farringdon General Dispensary, &c. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada. This volume appears to be ably written. We doubt, however, the wisdom of the following advice as to separate beds, so far as the winter season is concerned:—

> Sleep.—The restless activity of childhood is a strong opiate, and soon steeps the child in oblivious sleep, which should be indulged in according to his age. Thus, until three or four years of age, the second sleep is advisable, and when that is relinquished, the child should be allowed to sleep the whole 12 hours, or from 7 at night to the same hour in the morning.—Every child should sleep in a separate bed, for it has been stated by Sanctorius that "so very large are the steams which arise from persons in sleep, that not only the distempered communicate bad qualities to those who are well, but even the healthful, in lying together, affect one another." (Aph. LVIII., sec. IV.) As this may be detrimental to the weakest child, it is well to let them sleep separately; and as much as possible, not to let little girls sleep with grown-up persons. We have often heard Dupuytren ascribe to this cause the habitual state of ill health of some of the little girls for whom he was consulted; and he used to relate that their health often improved merely by adopting the separate bed system. There should be no fire in the bedroom, except in case of sickness. The benefit of breathing pure, cool air during the long hours of the night should not be thrown away; for heat naturally causes the atmosphere to be impregnated with the effluvia of dirty clothes, and of the bed clothes. If very cold, then there may be made, in the day-time, a fire, to be let out several hours before the time for sleep.

Clippings.

☞ This "Old Maid's Farewell to her Mirror," taken from the French of Voltaire, has no pun, but much humor:

"Venus, take my looking-glass,
Since I am not what I was!
What, henceforward, I may be,
Venus—let me never see!"

☞ "Nigger, who am de fuss man dat introduced salt pork inbuno into de navy?"

"Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual."

"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board the ark."

☞ Lamartine has recovered his health, and is laboring to pay off incumbrances upon his family estate. The Sultan has agreed to take back the estate granted him in Turkey and allow him an annual stipend in money.

☞ The latest discovery in literary circles is that Miss Elizabeth Wetherel, the popular author of "Queechy," and the "Wide, Wide World," was the daughter of Counsellor Warner, conspicuous in the Drury torpedo affair. On her recent decease her name was discovered to be Elizabeth Wetherel Warner.—*Boston Paper.*

☞ Major Long has been publishing an invention of his to remove *galls* from horses' backs. Now, for our own part, we had just as lief see them sitting there as not—not but what they look quite as well on the sofa.

☞ A pause between words, the parts of which will form a word, is frequently necessary to mark the sense. "Send me in that set of China," said a gentleman to a dealer. "It wants two pieces," said the dealer. "That is a pity," replied the other. "Shall I send them incomplete, sir?" "Yes, send them in complete!" Whose was the misconstruction?

☞ Amadeus, the sixth Count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "Those are my hounds, with whom I go in the chase of heaven." He was surnamed "The Happy."

☞ A wrinkle is the line by which Time generally travels.

☞ There are ladies who look upon a ball-room as nothing better than an omnibus, that doesn't go off properly unless it is full as it can hold.

☞ If Miss Julia Jones marries Harry Hopkins, the girls say that the marriage will be lucky, because she changes her initials; but if she marries James Jenkins 'twon't do—for

"If you change your name and not your letter,
You'll change for the worse and not for the better."

☞ An Irish gentleman, well known in sporting circles for his wit, was accosted by a friend with: "Upon my word, B——, you are riding a good horse." "And why should I not ride a good horse?" "Well," rejoined his friend, "but will he jump *timber?*" "Timber!" replied the other; "faith, he'll leap over your *head.*"

☞ What is the difference between "Don't you know?" and "No you don't?"

☞ Shall I thank God for the green summer and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes the world beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?

☞ What reason is there for supposing that Joshua, the successor of Moses, had no parents? Scripture says Nun!

He was a man—was born of Nun;
A father, Nun he had before him;
Nun came to life—death came to Nun;
His epitaph—Nun is o'er him.

☞ A scuffle between some Irish laborers lately took place on Putney Bridge, and, a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very *neatly* tumbled over. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, "Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me *now*, if you dare!"

☞ A lazy, over-fed lad, returning from dinner to his work, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that?" "Yes," replied the boy, drawling out each letter, "but it is slower."

☞ A Western editor sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary as follows:—"He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy; so much for his goodness of heart!"

Has fortune frowned, my honest friend?
Don't hang your head so low;
This is no time to falter now,
Up! strike another blow!
Don't sit and groan and grunt and tell
What you have *tried* to do,
But place your shoulder to the wheel,
Strain nerve! *and put her through!*

☞ Our old friend, Mrs. Partington, of the Boston Post, asks, in her well-known, sweet-toned simplicity, if there "Isn't some *claws* in the revived statues of Massachusetts against cats?" and adds—"It seems to me there ought to be, for my poor Paul got terribly torn in his flesh and trowsers by one, and for nothing at all, either, but just setting down on her—and the cloth cost a dollar a yard."

☞ Two men go a fishing, one catches a bite and the other a nibble—the latter from a sunfish and the former from a mosquito. Wanted to know—which came out ahead?

Miscellaneous.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

[At this period, when the policy of rechartering the East India Company is becoming a subject of discussion in England, the following sketch of that company, and the progress of British power in the East, from Sharpe's London Magazine, will prove more than usually interesting. A meeting of the bankers, merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, was summoned under the presidency of the Mayor, on the 22nd ultimo, to consider the subject, and the feeling of the meeting agreed with that of the country at large, in opposing the longer domination over 150,000,000 of population, by a Board of four-and-twenty Directors in Leadenhall Street.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

It is Arrian, we believe, who relates that when the Ambassadors of Scythia appeared before Alexander the Great, on his invasion of their country, they addressed him in terms similar to these:—"If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you; your right hand would grasp the East, and your left hand the West, at the same time." Now what was spoken as metaphorically true with reference to the Macedonian conqueror, is actually so with respect to the possessions that England holds, for her footprints are seen on the extreme limits of the earth, and her hands rest on dominions "wide as the poles asunder." History, to the farthermost end of time, will record no more marvellous phenomenon than this, that an island of comparative insignificance, speaking geographically, should rule the destinies of such a territory as Hindostan, separated from her by thousands of miles, immeasurably superior to her in extent, and numbering a population four or five times exceeding her own. In future ages, they who may hear of this extraordinary fact in the history of the world, would naturally conclude that such a country could only be held in subjection by the strong arm of the victor. If such happened to have read of ancient Greece and Rome, they would remember that the phalanxes of Alexander and Seleucus swept over the Eastern world, from the Nile to the Ganges—"making it a desert, and calling it peace;" that the conquests of the Roman Emperors were only preserved by the swords of their cohorts and legions; and, by a parity of reasoning, it would be presumed that England retains her possessions by similar means. But the armies that sustain her power in India are, to a great extent, enlisted from the dark tribes of the country, while it is the moral might of Britain—the power of her intellect, the force of her high name—that causes a willing obedience to her authority.

There is, however, another fact that renders the connexion of England and Hindostan yet more singular, and altogether unprecedented; it is that the one nation, as a nation, does not rule the other, but the governing power is held by a small body of comparatively unknown individuals, influential only because of the position they occupy relatively. The Jewish prophet designated the merchants of Tyre as "Princes;" and in our own day we find a company of twenty-four English merchants exercising the functions of crowned Kings; they, themselves the subjects of a sovereign state, levy taxes, carry on wars, make conquests, and keep possession of large territories, independently of the Government to which they owe allegiance. Nearly two centuries have now elapsed since a charter was granted by Charles II. to the East India Company, to make peace or war with or against any Princes and people, *not being Christians*; and to seize all unlicensed persons (Europeans) who should be found within the limits to which its trade extended, and to send them to England. The greater part of a century passed away without any attempt on part of the English to enlarge their settlements at Surat and Calcutta, when, in 1756, Surja Dowla, Soubhadar of Bengal, found a pretence for attacking the latter city; but Lord Clive, who had gone out to India in the civil service of the company, which he soon exchanged for the military, defeated the troops of the Nabob, at the battle of Plassy, and from that time the absolute government of the English became established, and the sphere of their operations considerably enlarged. Some idea may be formed of the present extent of their dominion, from the fact that the number of troops attached to the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Calcutta, amounts to about 250,000, of whom about one-eighth part only are Europeans, and that the annual cost of equipping and supporting them is not less than ten millions sterling; we could pick out half a score independent sovereign princes of Europe, whose united levies would not furnish such a contingent as this, and whose revenues, if the men could be found, would be inadequate to their support. The Indian navy, too, is on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the company, and is in every way worthy of the men who are children of the "mistress of the seas." How long they who still hold undisputed possession of the country will be permitted to do so it is impossible to say—in 1833, certain portions of the charter of the company, some of those especially which originally invested the directors with absolute authority, were repealed, and another constitution was granted. This, however, expires in April, 1854, and the subject of the British Government then taking the affairs of India entirely into their own hands has been mooted among politicians.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

The following article upon this subject, from the Daily Register, of this city, holds out a rather different view from the general one. The opinion of the editor of the Register is entitled to much weight, from the fact that he has travelled very extensively in Europe. We would invite the attention of the Secretary of State to the miserable system of plundering American travellers, pursued by certain of our Consuls in Europe, to which allusion also is made. Our national agents in foreign lands should act the part of protectors of their travelling countrymen, and not of brigands. The Register says:

> As many of our wealthy citizens are preparing for a Summer tour in Europe, a few words on passports may not be amiss. Every Englishman and American is, of course, entitled to grumble at being required to carry a paper to show who he is. Some carry their discontent so far as to erect it into a principle for which they are willing to become martyrs. They are willing to be incarcerated as vagabonds, searched, escorted by the police, and subjected to indignities of all kinds, rather than have a certificate to their oval faces, pug noses, and pale blue eyes. They stand firm for the right of all travellers to be considered honest men until proved rascals by due process of law. According to them, swindlers never travel, and Governments should take no precautions against their political enemies. A few Summers ago, we heard of a sturdy English captain, who wished to pass the Swiss frontier into France. As he carried no passport, and refused to let his luggage undergo the usual examination, he was suspected of belonging to a band then extensively engaged in smuggling jewelry across the line from Geneva. The authorities intimated that he must submit to be searched; whereupon the irascible captain drew his pistols, and protested he would kill any man that laid hands on him. At the earnest request of his fellow-passengers, he consented to a compromise; his clothes might be searched, but not on him.—"There!" he said, as he successively threw off his coat, vest, pantaloons, shirt, &c., and stood *in naturalibus*, in the Custom House, "there, look at 'em, and be d—d to you!"
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> The example of this martyr to independent principles will not be generally followed, but there will be no lack of grumblers. To those who have not yet joined this class, the writer, *who has had a long experience in European travelling*, would say a few words. A passport, properly managed, will be a very great convenience to you. It will, in many cases, expedite your baggage at the Custom House; enable you to make yourself known, in case of difficulty, to your Consul or Minister; facilitate getting your letters at the Post-Office of strange towns; prove your identity to your banker; give you admission to palaces, museums, parks, galleries of art, and other places to which natives are not admitted at all, or only on Sunday or some other stated day of the week. Indeed, if the Governments did not provide a passport system, travellers should petition for one. Its inconveniences are very few. The principal one arises from the illegal fees American Consuls charge for unnecessary visas. A traveller finds himself stopped at some town in the interior of Italy, because some needy wretch who has got himself dubbed American Consul, has made an arrangement with the police not to permit any American to pass until the Consul's visa has been first had—fee two dollars. We could mention more than one place in Germany and Italy, where our Consul's whole ostensible business is to waylay and rob American citizens in this small way. Repeated complaints to the Secretary of State have failed to produce a remedy. It is to be hoped that President Pierce, who has avowed his intention to protect American citizens in foreign lands, will begin by protecting them against useless Consuls and their illegal exactions.

☞ There are now fifty restaurants, and more than twelve hundred private tables of Paris, where snails are accepted as a delicacy by from eight to ten thousand customers. The monthly consumption of this molluscar is estimated at half a million. The market price of the vineyard snails is from 2f. 50c. to 3f. 50c. per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests, bring only from 2f. to 2f. 25c. The proprietor of the snailery in the vicinity of Dijon, is said to net over 7,000f. annually.

☞ Sagacious Austrians.—After the revolt at Milan, and a few were hanged—an innocent, lame old schoolmaster among the number—the "authorities" in search of the patriots had, it is said, even the coffins opened that passed through the gates. Very natural, this; for where would Austria like to find the remains of Italian liberty so well as in a coffin!

☞ There is a fluent lecturer out in Salem, Ohio, who represents himself to be *Lucimen* Roy, a son of the celebrated Rammohun Roy.

General News.

A Panther Fight.—The Arkansas *Shield*, contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on one side, and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Philips Co., Arkansas, on the 10th ult. The *Shield* says:

> On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some firewood in the adjoining forest—leaving in the house a sick child, his wife, and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approached the door of the house. The imitative note of a child crying drew to the door Mrs. Grimes, most fortunately—for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther. An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. Grimes, supposing his child to be ill, and little dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cabin was besieged.
>
> Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coolly seated upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun which Mrs. Grimes had, opening the back door, brought round to him; crouching, with tail switching and eyes fiercely glaring, the panther watched every movement of Mr. Grimes. At the very moment that Mr. G. grasped his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a spring at his throat. With great presence of mind Mr. G. grasped the monster by the throat. The panther got the left arm of Mr. G. in his mouth, and victory seemed to be with him. Every muscle of Mr. G. was now strained to the utmost, and a long struggle ensued; the panther was thrown, and by placing his knee on his neck and still retaining the grasp he had on his throat, Mr. G. succeeded in releasing his left arm from the jaws of the panther. They again rose from the ground; Mr. G. never abandoning hold of his throat, had now both of its forelegs grasped in his left hand; he thus kept it at arm's length and prevented it from tearing him with his claws. Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he still might have met with a Waterloo defeat, had not the ladies, Blucher like, come up with reinforcements. A pair of tongs and a "batting stick," were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent several teeth down his throat; for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animal's jaws were wide open. The heroines in this fight (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued belaboring the panther until a blow broke it down in the loins. Mr. G. kept his hold until the panther breathed his last—and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured 8½ feet from the tip of the nose to the end of its tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin, a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

Foreign Items.—Matilda Hitzfield, an American lady, was apprehended recently at Heidelberg as an agent of the revolutionary committee, and condemned to six weeks imprisonment.

The Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, alarmed at the emigration, requests the neighboring potentates to arrest any of his subjects attempting to leave without his permission.

The French budget for 1854 has been much reduced.

A deputation of London merchants presented an address to the Emperor, expressing friendly feelings towards France. The Emperor made a very conciliatory reply.

The next day the Emperor received a deputation from the English Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company. The Ambassadors of Peru and Grenada accompanied the deputation, and in reply to the address made by the deputation, the Emperor promised to give the undertaking his countenance.

The Madiais are expected to reach Paris on the 7th, to meet a deputation from the London Bible Society.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at Portsmouth, on the 1st, which was also noticed along the West coast of France.

The Cologne Gazette says that Lord Westmoreland had presented a note to the Austrian government declaring that England would keep an eye on the proceedings of Kossuth, Mazzini, and other refugees, to prevent them from engaging in any more plots, and that if they come within the reach of the law, they shall be immediately prosecuted. The London Police are said to have a list of all the refugees in that city.

The Rev. George Nelson, an English clergyman, has been ordered by the police to quit Rome.

Three hundred persons have been arrested for being concerned in the attempted insurrection at Palermo, and five were executed.

Hard and Soft Water.—A paper was lately read before the Institute of British Architects, setting forth that contrary to the opinion of the London Board of Health, *soft* water instead of *hard*, is injurious to animal life. The position is sustained by numerous facts, showing the low tone of the system, and the glandular affections induced by the absence of lime, in any form, in the water, to be as decided as the excessive development of the sanguine temperament produced by two great a portion of these substances.

Easily Suited.—On Christmas eve, a young girl in the district of Inverness, assembled her friends together, to witness the celebration of her nuptials with the lad who had wooed and won her. At the appointed hour, she received the intelligence that her lover had altered his mind. She was about to be attacked with hysterics, when another youth popped the question, was accepted, and the marriage rite was performed.

Free Negroes.—The Alton (Ill.) Courier proves by actual statistics that the negro population in Southern Illinois is decreasing. Drawing a line through the centre of Sangamon County, and taking all of the counties South of that line, it is proved by a comparison of the census of 1845 with that of 1850, that while in some counties there has been an increase of this class of inhabitants, in others constituting a majority, there has been a large decrease, amounting in the aggregate to 121. The whole negro population in that part of the State is said to be 640. The Courier argues from this that all alarm about increase of free negroes is unfounded.

San Juan.—When, at Greytown, the British war-steamer Geyser arrived, the authorities waited on the commander with a grievous complaint against Captain Hollins, of the United States sloop-of-war Cyane, but the English commander said he had express orders not to interfere in any matters that the government of Greytown may see proper to execute; but, as the American commander had resolved to protect the property of the Transit Company, he could only represent the matter to his Government.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Philadelphia, April 16, 1853.

REMARKS—The late foreign advices have had little or no effect upon the market. Cotton is held firmly, but the transactions have been moderate.—Breadstuffs generally have been very quiet. Flour is held firmly, but the demand for shipment has been limited. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been but little inquired after. Wheat has slightly improved, but for Corn prices are a trifle lower. Corn is coming forward more freely and there is a moderate demand for city consumption. Iron is held firmly, but there is very little stock here to operate in. Coffee has been in good demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sugar is also rather more inquired after, and the transactions have been to a fair extent. In Molasses, Naval Stores, and Oils, there has been but a small business doing. In Provisions there is a better feeling, and prices are firmer for all descriptions. Rice is held firmly, and the demand is more active. Cloverseed continues to come in very slowly, but the supply is fully equal to the demand. Tobacco meets a limited demand at former rates. Wool is very quiet, buyers holding off to await the result of the public sale in New York and Boston. In Freights there are no changes to notice. An immense amount of merchandise is going West by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the different forwarding lines.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been quite moderate, the inspections amounting to only 13,346 bbls. The demand for export has been limited, but prices are firm, as the most of the stock on hand is limited above present quotations. Sales of 5,000 bbls mixed and good brands for shipment at $4,94a5 per bbl, but principally at the latter quotation, and extra at $5,25a5,50. There has been a fair inquiry for city consumption, within the range of $5a6 for common and fancy brands.—Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been but little inquired after. Small sales of the former at $3,87½, and 6a700 bbls of the latter at $2,75 per bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and prices have advanced 1a2 cts per bbl. Sales of 32,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania white at $1,18a1,20, but principally at the latter quotation; mixed $1,15a1,16, and red at $1 12a1,12½ per bushel. Rye is in good demand for distilling at 81a82c. Corn at the close was in better demand. Sales of 20,000 bushels yellow at 61c, afloat, including some white at 58a57c. Oats are dull and lower; 8a10,000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 41a44c, and Southern at 40a42c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market, and prices are firmer for all descriptions.—Sales of 500 bbls Mess Pork at $15,75a16 per bbl; Clear $18,50, and Prime at $15. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $16a16,50 per bbl. Bacon is held firmly, but buyers and sellers being apart in their views, the transactions have been moderate. Sales of Hams at 11a12c; Sides and Shoulders at 7c per lb. 300 casks Sides in salt sold at 7a7½, and Shoulders at 5¾a6c. Sales of clear Sides, in boxes for California at 12½c. Lard sells in lots at 9½a9¾c per lb in bbls, and 10¾a11c in kegs. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active trade going forward, both among the jobbing and commission houses, and prices are firm for all descriptions of Goods. The stocks are moderate.

BARK—There has been a moderate inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and prices are steady. Sales of 20 hhds No 1 at $25 per ton.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 28a29c per lb. cash.

CANDLES—Demand limited. Small sales of Sperm at 31a32c, and Adamantine at 21a24c per lb as in quality.

COAL—There is no new feature to notice in the market. The Delaware Division has been put in complete repair, and supplies have commenced coming forward from the Lehigh region. Colliers are more abundant, and the rates are rather lower to the Eastward. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 18a20c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 6a7,000 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9⅞a10c per lb, but principally of the latter description at 9⅞c, from vessel.

COPPER—Is held firmly at 30c per lb, 6 mos for English Sheathing, and 31c for Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but holders are firm in their demands, in consequence of the accounts from the South of a further falling off in the receipts, and the favorable advices by the America. Sales of 900 bales Upland at 9½a12c per lb, on time, and 11¼a13 cts for Mobile and New Orleans. The most of the sales were of the better description.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a fair business without any material change in prices; sales of 300 casks Soda Ash at 2½a3c per lb; and some E. I. Castor Oil at $1,10 per gallon.

FEATHERS—But few offering and but little inquiry. Sales of good Western in lots at 43a45c per lb.

FRUIT—An import of Palermo Oranges and Lemons has been landing, from which some further sales have been made at our last quotations. Dried Apples are dull at 4a4½c per lb. Dried Peaches sell in small lots at $2,75a3,25 per bushel, and pared at $5a5,12½.

GINSENG—But little offering; small sales of Crude at 47a48c per lb, cash.

GUANO—There is no Peruvian here; Patagonian is in good demand at $30a32 per ton.

HEMP—Is quiet, and there is little or no stock here to operate in.

HIDES—An import of dry Maracaibo sold at 11c per lb, on time; 2,100 Laguayra, and 2,100 African on terms kept private; the latter to go out of the market.

HOPS—Are dull at 22a24c per lb for first sort Eastern and Western, and the sales have been only in small lots.

INDIGO—Prices are firm. A small sale of Bengal at $1,25 per lb, and some Caracas at $1,10a1,15, 6 months.

IRON—There is a moderate inquiry for Pig Iron, but the want of stock to operate with has had a tendency to restrict operations; sales of small lots No. 1 Anthracite at $36 per ton 6 mos. Scotch Pig is held at the same price. Prices are firm for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—The market is firm. A sale of 5,000 Spanish and 1,000 pigs Galena, on terms not made public.

LEATHER—Prices are firm for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and the stocks are extremely small.

LUMBER—Supplies are arriving more freely; sales of Laths at $1,25 per M, and 4a500,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $9a10 [illegible] per M feet.

MOLASSES—The market continues quiet; sales of 1a200 hhds Cuba at 21a23c, some Porto Rico on private terms, and some New Orleans at 30c, 4 months. The receipts have been light this week.

NAVAL STORES—There has been more doing; sales of 500 bbls Soap Rosin at $1,75; 300 bbls Tar at $2,75; 2a300 bbls Pitch at $1,87½ per bbl, and 60 bbls Spirits Turpentine at 58a60c per gallon.

OILS—There has been a good demand for Fish Oils from store at full rates. Linseed Oil sells only in small lots at 68a70c per gallon. Lard Oil is [illegible]. We quote Winter at 87½a92c.

PLASTER—Is in demand, but there is little or none offering.

RICE—The demand has increased, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 4a500 casks at 4¼a4½c per lb, on time.

SALT—An import of 1,600 sacks Liverpool ground and fine has arrived, which was previously contracted for, on terms we were unable to learn.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have been limited, but they are fully equal to the demand. Sales of 3a400 bushels prime at $7,50a7 per 64 pounds, and some inferior at lower quotations. Timothy ranges from $3 to 3½, and Flaxseed from $1,45 to 1,50 per bushel.

SPICES—Nutmegs are held with more firmness; sales of 2,000 bags African Red Peppers and some part of Ginger on private terms.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin no change. N. E. Rum commands 30c. Whiskey in bbls is scarce, and sells at 23½c. Hhds sell slowly at 22a22½c.

SUGAR—There has been a better feeling in the market and prices are firmer, but the weather has been rather unfavorable; sales of 1,500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4½a5½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Sells in lots at 9½a10¼ cts per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—Prices are unchanged, and there is a fair inquiry for the supply of the trade.

TOBACCO—The demand continues limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, and prices are unchanged.

WINES—Are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet during the past week, buyers holding off to await the result of the public sales. Sales of 15,000 lbs, in lots, at our former quotations, including a lot of 8a9,000 lbs Merino pulled at 50c.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool 170 hhds Bark were taken at 40s and some Bacon at 30s per ton. We quote Cotton 1d per lb; Flour 2s 9da3s per barrel, and Grain 10d per bushel. Colliers are in fair demand at $1,60 per ton to Boston; $1,30a1,35 to Rhode Island and $1 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 18.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,350 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 850 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to [illegible] per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 150 in market at prices ranging from $8 to 15 for dry, and $15 to [illegible] for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $[illegible] to 4; the latter from $1,50 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,

where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

They are attaching stables to all the fire gine houses in Cincinnati, for the accommo- tion of the quadrupedal members of the partment, whose duty it will be to drag "machines" to and from fires. The pay tem just adopted in that city goes into ope- tion soon.

LIGHTNING.—The house of Mr. Chamberlain Saybrook, Conn., was struck by lightning, h inst., and considerably shattered. The id struck the legs of Mr. Chamberlain, slight- scorching both, and tearing a thick cowhide ot from one of his feet. The foot was quite mb for a couple of hours. The charge glan- d to the cradle, in which lay two children, uring one so severely that its recovery is ex- mely doubtful.

At the Government sale of old muskets, on sday week, the prices ranged from eighty- cents to one dollar and twenty for each sket. Eight iron six and twelve pounders re purchased by a New York merchant, at dollars each; and the balls were sold to er parties at eight cents apiece. A mer- ant of New York, engaged in the sale of mili- tary goods, made large purchases of muskets; and he and a gentleman connected with the American Colonization Society, were nearly the exclusive successful bidders.

PRICE OF GAS.—A committee of citizens of Charleston have been engaged recently in in- vestigating the price paid for gas in various , who report the following as the result of investigation: New York city, $3 per ft.; Brooklyn, $3 50 per 1,000 ft.; Phila- phia, city proper, the works being owned by city, $2 per 1,000 ft.; Kensington and North- Liberties, $3 50—reduced recently; New- N. J., $3 50; Washington City, $4; Bos- $3; Baltimore, $3 50; New Orleans, $4 50; annah, $5 per 1,000 ft; Augusta, $7 per 0 ft. In Louisville the price of gas is $3 1,000 ft.

ACT.—A suit having been commenced be- a Justice in Milwaukie, was removed by vit to the *nearest* Justice, under the law. offices of two of the ministers of the law e at about equal distance, and resort was to a surveyor's chain, to ascertain which the nearest. One was found to be *nine* nearer than the other.

The bill granting to the Philadelphia, Wil- gton and Baltimore Railroad Company the t to build a bridge across the Susquehanna r at Havre de Grace, was passed by the yland Senate, by a vote of 13 yeas to 3 . It is now finally passed, and does not d the Governor's signature to become a

Accounts received from Mobile, state that President King is getting worse, and it is ght he will never leave there alive.

CAPITAL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charles- News, speaking of the growing prosperity at State, says, planters are now very ge- lly free from debt, and that there are now r disposable means in their hands than at t any period in the agricultural history of State. For a few years back the cotton has yielded remunerating returns.

MAIL MISSING.—The letter mail which left New York on the 25th of March for Cincinnati, is missing. It is believed to have contained money and drafts to the extent of $200,000.

A Paris letter in the New York Express says:—Lady Montijo has left Paris for Spain. was extremely desirous of remaining and ing in the reflection of her daughter's gran- , but Louis Napoleon, who shares the ge- prejudice against step-mothers gave her ly to understand, that because he had mar- Eugenie, she must not suppose that he had all her family.

The Norwegians in Wisconsin, have lately a meeting at Milwaukie, to absolve them- from all responsibility from the positions in their name, by the Editor of the ranten, a Norwegian newspaper there.— say they are entirely satisfied with this country, and came here for the purpose of find- a quiet home, free from the wrongs inflicted them in their own land. They express admiration of this country, and indicate intention of becoming permanent citizens.

A vessel just arrived here from Vera Cruz, that Santa Anna reached that city on afternoon of the 1st inst. His reception not very cordial, and he immediately left hacienda, near Jalapa.

The Richmond Enquirer states that the pro- of the Richmond gas works, for the last year, eight per cent. on cost; besides lighting streets for nothing.

PENNSYLVANIANS IN CALIFORNIA.—In the ornia Legislature there are eleven natives Pennsylvania, seven being members of the ate, and four of the House of Representa- ; in addition to which, the Governor and etary of State are natives of Pennsylvania.

ILLEGAL BANKING.—In the Criminal Court of St. Louis, on the 30th, Messrs. Page & Bacon, bankers, were fined $1,000 each for illegal banking. Indictments of a similar character pending against Messrs. Lucas & Simonds, W. Clark & Brothers, and other banking of St. Louis.

Many literary gentlemen who have gone to in England, make their living, it is said, supplying the pulpit with sermons. A good position, of decided Evangelic doctrine, of practical application, will be supplied sovereign. Cheap enough.

A bull-fight was lately advertised at Placer- , California, but the Americans not liking Spanish amusement, lassoed the bull, ped the matadores, and tore down the ding.

The Pittsburg Gazette says, that dry goods hardware jobbers of that city have increased their sales, this spring, 25 to 50 per cent. on former averages, which is attributed to their railroad connections.

The General Assembly of the (N. S.) Presby- terian Church, of the United States, will hold its annual meeting in Buffalo on the 20th of May next.

A FEMALE VOTER.—A woman has been sent jail at Cincinnati, for twenty days, on bread water, for voting in one of the wards of that at the late election, by dressing in male at- and passing herself off as a man. It ap- she attempted to vote a second time, when vote was challenged; a row ensued, and hat being knocked off, her sex was disco- , and she was arrested.

Bunker Hill Monument was twice struck by ing a few days since. Persons who were the monument thought it was going over. bottom of one of the rods, where it entered earth, was slightly melted, and a gentleman the top, who was passing down and hold- by the iron rail, received a shock from which not recover entirely for a couple of hours. second shock sounded like the crash of a quantity of glass thrown down the inside monument.

The Legislature of Virginia had adopted the of a Committee ordering an investiga- by the Board of Public Works, of the against the Baltimore and Ohio Rail- Company.

Letters from San Juan received at New Or- state that the difficulties between the citi- and the Nicaragua Transit Company were eve of an amicable settlement, and the organization of the former authorities was in templation. On the last trip the steamers company landed their passengers in the of San Juan, instead of landing them on other bank of the river, thus removing a cause of irritation.

The Massachusetts House Committee has re- ted favorably on the proposition to loan the dit of the State for $2,500,000 to construct Houssatonic Tunnel.

MOCK AUCTIONS.—The Legislature of New k has passed a stringent act to suppress k auctions in the city of New York, and to ish, by fine or imprisonment, the persons nected with them.

A new charter for the city of New York has ed the Legislature of that State. It em- ces many reformatory features, but does not come up to the standard sought for by the rm party.

Foreign insane paupers are now shipped to American ports by the governments of Eu- . In proof of this, the Boston Traveller uces a statement from a recent report made the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, that the atic Hospital of that city now contains 251 ents, four-fifths of whom are foreign insane pers. The Hospital cannot contain all the sent to it.

Lola Montez has appeared in a new light, as "Printeress." A short time since she asto- shed the hands in the Cincinnati Nonpareil , by going there and taking the "stick" "rule," and setting up a communication had written in reply to some assertion made the editor of the Sun. The Sandusky Re- er says she astonished the "devils." It is the first time she has done that.

Count Boulbon has a letter in the California ers, denying that his Sonora movement, months ago, was instigated by any foreign er. He fancied he saw another California, wished to render it free to all, and inde- dent to stand for itself.

The people of Brooke and Hancock counties, , held a convention on the 5th inst., and ed resolutions threatening secession and an- ation to Pennsylvania.

Three hundred and forty-nine thousand more es of cotton have been received at the uthern ports, this year, than to the corres- ding date last year.

Cato Smith, aged 75 years, the wealthiest colored man in Chester Co., Pa., committed icide a few days ago; $1,000 were found in pocket.

FEMALE PRINTERS.—The New York Mirror ys that an advertisement appeared in a morn- paper recently for "girls to learn the print- g" trade, and it was melancholy to see the cks of girls thronging Ann St. in search for "situations."

The Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad was ened 187 miles West of Pittsburg on the 1th inst.

POTATOES IN OREGON.—The Oregonian gives, as the product of one hill of potatoes grown in a field of several acres, and without any extra culture, one hundred and ninety-nine potatoes, weighing fifty-three pounds. The product of several hills in the field weighed every thirty pounds to each hill.

The excavations of Nimroud have been re-opened, and a fine bas-relief has been found. It represents Assyrian warriors hunting a lion, and is perfectly well preserved. Some heads of ivory, finely carved and gilt, have also been found. It is believed that the very chariot of Ashur has been found! The French are very diligent in their researches, and the Turks have also begun digging in the mounds of the prophet Jonah, to the great annoyance of the more devout Mussulmen.

The great economy of hydro-carbon gas is shown by the balance sheet issued by the Commissioners of Southport, for the past half-year. We observe that the remarkable cannel now used at Southport yields, by this system, about 33,000 cubic feet of pure gas per ton, in combination with the gas from water, and can be made to yield 50,000 to 60,000 feet per ton, equal to London gas; whereas 12,000 feet of gas unfit for use would be a full return from it by the old process.

It is worth remarking that not a single paper in Paris has given one word of biography or obituary of General Haynau, although his death has been known here for five days. I imagine that few or none were satisfied with his explanations last Summer, and it is really significant to see the whole Paris press thus unanimous in refusing him even the briefest mention at his death.

The will of the late Mr. W. L. M. Leschillas, wholesale stationer, of Budge Row, has been proved, and his personal property alone has been valued for probate duty at £140,000. He had, in addition, some landed property. The unhappy man labored under the delusion *that he should come to want!*

A girl who, a few years ago, created some excitement in Berlin, by pretending to behold angels, and see visions, etc., has lately been convicted of swindling, and sentenced to punishment.

Lake Superior will soon be connected by an easy navigation with the other inland seas of that region. The contract for constructing the Sault Ste. Marie Canal has been awarded to Erastus Corning, of Albany. The work is to be completed within two years from the time of signing the contract.

The lives of the political prisoners in Cuba have been spared. They were taken to the scaffold and their pardon read to them.

Grisi and Mario, the celebrated soprano and tenor of the London Italian opera, are said to be certainly coming to America to sing. They will appear in New York about the beginning of November.

Four miles of copper wire in one piece, were lately drawn out from a mass weighing 120 pounds, at Mr. Walker's mills. It is to be laid down as a line of telegraph, without weld or link.

STAMPED ENVELOPES.—The stamped envelopes contracted to be furnished the U. S. Government by Mr. G. F. Nesbitt, of New York, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of June next.

REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.—A letter from San Marino of the 18th ult., states that the envoys of that Republic have had a most flattering reception at the Tuilleries. The Republic has organized its army, which amounts to 1,356 men, a formidable force for a little State of twenty-two square miles, and 7,600 inhabitants.

The Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad is to be completed in a year hence, Virginia link, bridge and all.

A lawyer in Easton, Pa., recently cowhided a clergyman for marrying his sister to a New York newsboy, neither of the parties to the marriage being of age.

Between seven and eight hundred Spanish troops have recently arrived in Cuba from Spain. It is stated that about 25 per cent. usually die about the first year of their residence on the island.

A gentleman of Boston, recently married a woman reputed to be rich, who turned out to be poor, and some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate. She assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry-goods, which she bought to captivate him. Think of a fish paying for the hook with which it is caught.

An Address to President Pierce, from the European Democratic Committee, has been forwarded by a well-known agent. (Probably Count Pulsky.) Some say the real object is to endeavor to procure arms for a future occasion.

WM. B. MESSER, the conductor who had charge of the train at the time of the accident on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, near Newton Hamilton, was tried in Lewistown week before last, for the murder of several passengers. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," but to pay the costs.

Accounts from Georgetown, (D. G.) to March 10th, represent that an extraordinary plague of rats had visited the island, and was destroying the cane fields at a terrible rate, in spite of every effort to stop it. The animals are of a peculiar species, and satisfy themselves ordinarily with a single bite out of the cane, which makes the death of the stalk and the root certain.

The United States steamship Fulton, from Matanzas, Cuba, arrived at Mobile recently with Vice-President King on board.

Immense as the emigration of past years has been, the "exodus" this spring give promise of being greater than any previous season, both to Australia and to America.

Some students of the University of Prague, have been sentenced to be "beaten with rods for making wanton demonstrations in favor of the traitor Kossuth."

Lola Montez either has gone to California, or is on trial somewhere down South for assault and battery.

THE GREEK OF HOMER A LIVING LANGUAGE.—An effort, says the Westminster Review, has been made by Mr. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, to reform the pronunciation of Greek in that University. He is teaching his students to pronounce Greek as they do in Greece, insisting that it is not a dead but a living language—as one may see by looking at a Greek newspaper. Prof. Blackie gives an extract from a newspaper, printed last year at Athens, giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America, from which it is evident that the language of Homer lives in a state of purity, to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its literary existence—two thousand five hundred years at least—there is no parallel, perhaps, on the face of the globe. After noticing a few trifling modifications, which distinguish modern from ancient Greek, he states, as a fact, that in three volumes of a Greek newspaper, of the year 1852, there does not certainly occur three words that are not pure native Greek, so slightly has it been corrupted from foreign sources.

THE VERMONT LIQUOR LAW.—The Vermont Liquor Law allows the arrest, without warrant, of any person found so drunk as to disturb the peace, he to be kept in confinement to testify as a witness against the rumseller. A person named Powers was arrested under this section, detained until sober, and then refusing to testify, he was committed to jail. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, as a violation of the Constitution, but Chief Justice Bronson decided that the arrest and detention of the person intoxicated were legal, because the Legislature has power to declare drunkenness a criminal offence, and the arrest is necessary to prevent a breach of the peace. Imprisoning the man for not testifying against another party guilty of crime, is simply analogous to the case where a person is committed for refusing to testify before a Grand Jury, when there is ground to believe that he can give information respecting criminal matter under inquiry.

A WISE LADY AND FOOLISH LOVER.—A lady of this city, who had been over-persuaded by her parents and her lover, whose affections did not reciprocate, to approach the hymeneal altar, on Thursday evening last, plucked up courage, when the important question was put to her by the officiating clergyman, and resolutely answered "no," when, by the rubric, the proper reply would have been a faint blush, a soft sigh and a whispered "yes." The consternation of all parties may be imagined, but not described. Remonstrance was in vain. *No*, said the young lady, and so it was. The swain was embarrassed, but not discouraged. Casting his eyes about the room, he inquired, is there any lady here who will have me? if so, let her make it known. One arose, and declared her willingness to undergo the infliction. A bargain was instantly struck, the knot was tied as quickly, and the parties have departed for the home of the gentleman in New York.—*Cin. Gazette.*

A NEW WHEAT.—A very singular discovery has lately been made in France, by M. Fabre, a gardener of Ayde. The herb ægilops, heretofore considered as worse than useless, grows abundantly on the shores of the Mediterranean. It produces a species of grain resembling wheat in form, but much smaller. In the year 1839, M. Fabre sowed a quantity of this grain, and he found the produce bore a close affinity to wheat; that produce he sowed the next year, and the yield was still more like wheat. He went on sowing the produce of each year the succeeding year, until he has now succeeded in getting as fine a crop of wheat, and of as good quality, as can be wished for. Thus he has proved that a wild and mischievous weed can be educated into excellent wheat. We find this in a foreign agricultural journal. Your readers must exercise their judgment as to the credit due to the statement.—*London Correspondent National Intelligencer.*

A DIVER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAD.—The plate in the Queen Victoria cabin, which steamboat sunk lately off the English coast, has been saved by a diver; but the man protests that nothing in the world would induce him to go down a second time, as the scene in the cabin was the most horrible he ever witnessed. He thought he had entered a wax work exhibition, the corpses never having moved from their positions since the vessel went down. There were some eighteen or twenty person in the cabin, one and all of whom seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like that he was almost inclined to believe some were yet living.

INEXPLODABLE STEAM GENERATOR.—In a letter recently received from Paris, it is mentioned that M. Belleville has made a new steam generator, for steamboats, locomotives, and stationary engines. It is so constructed that it immediately produces steam from water, and cannot explode. It is understood that this invention is attracting considerable attention among the French engineers; and some one of our correspondents may, perhaps, be able to furnish an account of it, from La Presse, in which we are informed the details were published on the 8th ultimo.

THE "MAD STONE."

Our readers will perhaps remember a paragraph which appeared in our paper, two or three weeks ago, giving some account of a wonderful stone which was said to have the power of curing hydrophobia. We thought the story an extraordinary one, but confess to a large amount of incredulity, notwithstanding the confidence with which the statement was made, and published it rather as a matter of curiosity, than anything else. Friday, however, we were called upon by a gentleman of this county, Mr. Moses R. Womsly, who informed us that he had a "mad stone" in his possession, and that its virtues had been tested in many cases, and invariably with the happiest results.

He says he bought the stone in Boone county, Ky., where it had been brought by a Virginian, who broke the stone in three pieces, giving one of them to each of his three children. Two of them emigrated to Illinois, taking their portions of the stone with them; and our informant thinks the stones alluded to in the paragraph copied by us, are parts of that to which his piece belongs. Mr. W. describes the "mad stone" as similar to a flint, but so exceedingly hard as to resist even the hardest file. The stone is applied to the wound, if recent; or if not, the skin near it is lacerated until it bleeds freely, and the stone then applied. It sticks to the wound until, as Mr. W. says, it has become filled with the poison, and then drops off, when it is washed in warm spring water, or milk, and again applied. The length of time which it remains attached to the wound depends upon the violence of the disease—generally from two to sixteen hours. The latter is the longest time it has been known to adhere to any one, and that was the case of a man who had been bitten by his own dog, and did not have the stone applied for eight days. His son and several of his cattle were bitten by the same dog. The father and son were cured by the application of the stone; but the cattle exhibited unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, and died.

Mr. Womsly we do not know, but he appears to be a very respectable man; and, from his appearance, we should be disposed to place great confidence in any statement he might make in reference to any other matter. He has promised us to bring this wonderful stone to our office, when we may possibly have something more to say about it.—*Cin. Gazette.*

NEW DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICAL INFLUENCE.—It is the general impression among scientific men, that only a small portion of the power and influence of electricity has as yet been developed. One of its recent applications has been the lighting of cities. As one of the results of this new application, we notice the following statement, which we copy from the Paris correspondence of the National Intelligencer:

Science, particularly electrical science, seems to be making fresh triumphs every day. We have now to record a new application of electricity by Dr. Joseph Watson, which is exhibiting in the neighborhood of Wandsworth. The great feature of the invention is, that the materials consumed in the production of electrical light are employed for a profitable purpose, independent of the illumination, and more than remunerating the entire expense; so that the light, which is rendered constant and brilliant is produced for nothing. Thus, whilst the light is being produced by galvanic action, materials are introduced into the battery, by which pigments of the finest quality are obtained; these are so valuable, that they considerably exceed the entire cost of the operation. Dr. Watson thus speaks of his invention in a pamphlet not yet published:

"Our battery we have termed the *chromatic battery*, and its produce is *colors*. It may seem difficult to imagine how any number of galvanic arrangements can be made to yield a great variety of colors; but when it is remembered that the real number of natural colors is small, and that a difference of tint and shade imparts to each seperate product a distinct commercial existence as a color, we may then be believed when we say, that by the use of not more than five substances introduced into our batteries, we are able to produce no less than one hundred valuable pigments, exceeding in value, by a great per centage, the original value of the article contributing towards their production.—Our mode of producing these colors consists, not in any subsequent mixing of the products resulting from the working of our batteries, but is the result of the actual development of the electricity in the battery."

The exact process cannot be made intelligible by a short extract from the pamphlet, but the discovery is allowed to be the most valuable, and its perfect accomplishment undoubted.

"A CHARMING ACTRESS AT THE ALTAR."—As we copied a romantic article with the above heading, we now also publish the following from a contemporary:

Philadelphia, April 2, 1853.

I noticed an article in your paper of yesterday, headed, "A Charming Actress at the Altar," the writer of which did not seem to know what he was writing about, as many things asserted therein are false.

In the first place, he says that Miss Denin failed to receive my letters, which is not so; for to my positive knowledge, now, if not before, she received every letter which I sent to her, and they were all sent to Mr. Winans, or to his care, and only two at that, to which Mr. Winans can testify. The second assertion which I consider it necessary to notice, is the one that the friendly relations between them not having been resumed, I tried to turn it to my own account. I was not aware there had been any difficulty between them, and for that reason, if for no other, I did not try to turn it to my own advantage. The statement in relation to my father's interference, it is not necessary for me to deny, as it was denied in the article. Thirdly, I never gave any colored gentleman fifty dollars, as asserted, or any other amount, to carry letters to Miss Denin, as all the letters I wished to send, Mr. Winans has been, and was willing to deliver to her. As to Miss D. sending for the writer, she did not, as I accidentally happened into the parlor, where she, together with her father, sister and lady friend, happened to be at the time—although she had seen me many times, and known considerable of me for the last year, through her father, who was present at the marriage, and gave his consent. The parties sincerely desire that there shall be no more controversy about the subject, especially where the truth is so widely varied from. And any one asserting anything of the kind hereafter, I shall hold responsible.

FLETCHER WOODWARD.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The old flag-staff at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, having become decayed was ordered to be taken down a few days since, and, accordingly, a soldier of Col. Bragg's battery, named Michael McAnally, mounted to the cross-trees and unshipped the top-mast; from some cause it became unmanageable, and glided through the platform to the ground. The man at the mast-head kept his post composedly, and gave timely warning to the party below "to stand from under." Most men with a spar fifty feet long, shooting and rasping like an arrow through their hands, with an insecure footing at a dizzy height, would have "left the yard," and tumbled from the platform.

While the party below were removing the top-mast, to the dismay and consternation of the bystanders, the main-mast with the soldier still poised at the mast-head, now swayed over, broke short off at the base, and plunged with a tremendous crash to the ground. The soldier in the meantime, was seen to change his position as the mast went over, and circling high through the air with frightful velocity, he, with perfect self-possession, adjusted himself to clear the framework of the cross-trees, and as the mast neared the ground, he, evidently, with a measured leap, alighted amidst his comrades. All were startled with amazement, as much by the intrepidity displayed, as by the imminent peril it averted. The main-mast was forty-eight feet high; the soldier landed at fifty feet from its base.

PARIS SCANDAL.—The fashionable world of Paris has been much amused with the following little bit of scandal. An American gentleman, though married to a charming little woman, had taken a fancy to an actress of the Palais Royal, to whom he was nightly offering his carriage and arm to return home. She one day told him that she had seen at a jeweller's a *parure* of diamonds, which she fancied as much as he fancied her. Our countryman immediately proceeded to the place, to bargain for the necklace and bracelets; but, being asked 5,000 francs for it, he only offered 4,000 francs, and was refused. On the next day the actress called on the jeweller, and being told what had taken place, she gave a bank bill of 1,000 francs to the jeweller, who, a few hours after, having received the call of the young American, consented to let him have the jewels for 4,000 francs. Thus far, thus well; but the most amusing part of the farce is, that M——— had another sweetheart, whom he desired to please; and to whom he offered the diamonds which he had been paid for by the actress of the Palais Royal. As soon as Mdlle. P——— knew how she had been deceived, she sent a few lines to the American deceiver, who being introduced was summoned to refund her the money.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A correspondent has sent the following account of a singular occurrence:

"Last Saturday, Rev. Mr. Stimson, of Castleton, was invited to preach a funeral sermon in the church of Schodack, Rev. Mr. Bailey being sick and unable to officiate. While he was offering prayer, preceding the sermon, a white dove flew into the church, and alighted directly on his head. Mr. Stimson appeared a little startled by the arrival of the unexpected visitor, but in a moment he calmly raised his hand, and gently removed the bird. It flew upon the gallery, but after a few moments it returned and alighted on the Bible between his hands, where it remained until he had concluded the prayer. The dove was then caught by Mr. Stimson, and given to the sexton."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WILD DUCKS STRUCK.—The Boston Herald states that during a thunder storm, a few days since, "two wild ducks" were "taken on the wing" by a flash of lightning, and dropped near South Boston bridge, in the water. They were seen to fall, and Mr. Joseph Colburn, wood and coal dealer, on Turnpike St., South Boston, went out and picked them up. One of them had his head taken completely off. The feathers on the neck were partly singed. The other had a wing taken off, and the feathers on his back plucked as smoothly as if done by hand."

INDEPENDENT SURVEY.—A survey of a route to California, from the South Pass across the different ranges of mountains, to the Pacific slope of the Continent, is said by the St. Louis Republican to be undertaken by parties independent of all Governmental connection. It will be in the hands of civil engineers of undoubted merit and capacity, accompanied by a geologist, who will institute a thorough examination of the country, compare observations, and select the most eligible route for an immediate instrumental survey.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MARYLAND.—An immense meeting was recently held in Baltimore to remonstrate against a bill introduced into the Legislature by certain Roman Catholics, with a view of procuring a division of the public school fund, for the support of schools under the control of that denomination. The Committee appointed to proceed to Annapolis, reported that there was no danger of the passage of the bill.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The Charleston *Mercury*, commenting on the speech of Judge Butler, made during the recent discussion of the Central American question in the Senate, says:

"It is a speech marked by the habitual moderation and practical wisdom which our Senator has always shown in the discussion of international affairs. It is a reply to the attempt to kindle national prejudices against England, in a case where we have special need to cast off such feelings, and decide on the simple dictates of good sense and politic forecast. This whole Central American question is one of commercial advantage, and not of territorial acquisition, and it is worse than idle to look upon it in any other light. The country cannot be colonized by England, setting altogether aside the danger of collision with the United States.—This is proved by the condition of the Belize, where more than a century of occupation has resulted only in a permanent settlement of about five thousand persons, not five hundred of whom are English. We obstruct instead of advancing the settlement of this question of interoceanic communication, by mixing it up with those elements of national prejudice which never looked so hollow and mean as when they left their proper arena of the stump and migrated to the United States Senate."

OHIO.—The Cincinnati Times, of Tuesday evening week, says, in every ward in the city, true Free School men have been elected to the School Board. The enemies of free education stood no show whatever before the people. The next Board will contain but one opponent to the Schools, and he is Dr. Mudd—a very appropriate name.

HOPE YET FOR THE HUNGRY.—Seven full missions, at $9,000, are said yet to remain undisposed of by the administration. A berth for one Commissioner at $9,000; and for another at $3,000; one for a Minister resident, at $6,000; fourteen for Charges, at $4,500 each; and for Consuls, Postmasters, any indefinite amount.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is a Colonel Dickson, who is just now complaining very loudly of his treatment by the Derby Government, after services alleged to have been rendered to "the party" by that gallant individual. We would recommend to the consideration of disappointed men in general the wholesome truth, that they who consent to be occasionally "used" must expect to be sometimes "ill-used."—*Punch.*

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.—Before the Reform Bill the influence of the Aristocracy in boroughs was the thing complained of. Now—as the revelations before the Election Committees have demonstrated—it is the influence of the *Sovereign.*—*Punch.*

MR. SOULE.—The Spanish journal in New York, *La Cronica*, thinks that the Spanish Government will not act in accordance with its self-respect if it recognizes the credentials of the new representative of the United States to Spain, Mr. Soule, and that no person would be more likely to frustrate negociation. Soule's fillibuster speech in favor of taking Cuba by decent is not forgotten.

CANADA.—The Maine Liquor Law was lost in the Canadian Legislative Assembly, by a vote of 32 against it to 28 for it.

CONNECTICUT.—The Hartford Times is of opinion that both Houses of the General Assembly just elected in that State, are opposed to the Maine Law.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Maine Liquor Law has triumphed in the late Rhode Island election, and is made peremptory at Newport. The sufferings of the fashionables will be "intolerable" this summer.

OFFICE HUNTING.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer, in describing a visit to President Pierce, at the White House, says:

"The pressure upon the President by office seekers, is tremendous, indescribable, and the truth would not be credited, if I should write only what I saw myself. Think of a full grown man asking the President for a petty Post Office, in the presence of fifty guests. Think of fifty, yes, of a hundred men, besieging the doors of each of the Departments every moment dogging every officer with resolution worthy of a better work, and giving him no rest day nor night. The President said to me, 'I regretted that I could not come down and see you when you called, but from eight in the morning till late in the evening, I had not even an opportunity to eat.' His countenance begins to betray exhaustion, and unless his constitution is iron, and his nerves steel, he will break down in the first three months of his administration. My impression is that he will go through. There is something in him that says, 'I will do the best I can, and leave the result,' and a little philosophy of that sort goes a great way in keeping a man up."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The Bill repealing the Tonnage Tax on this road, has been negatived in the House.

NEW YORK.—Both branches of the Legislature have agreed to take a recess until the 24th of May.

MORE NEW YORK CORRUPTION.—A new "corruption" on the part of the Aldermen has just leaked out. Among the items in a bill they have recently sent in to the Comptroller, was $2,126 for the public reception of Thomas Francis Meagher. The "swindle" is suggested in the fact that Meagher never received any corporation reception at all.

DECLINED.—The Hon. Robert J. Walker is said to have refused the post of Minister to the Court of France—the reason being that he is a confirmed invalid with the gout.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE WORKS.—The Bill incorporating a Company to purchase the main line of the State improvements, for fifteen millions of dollars, has been taken up on second reading, and first section agreed to, yeas 68, nays 28.

MEDICAL LEGISLATION.—The Massachusetts Legislature has a bill before it, regulating the compounding and selling of quack and patent medicines. The first section provides that no druggist, apothecary or persons engaged in manufacturing medicines or compounds to be administered as medicine—except such as are published in standard works of chemistry, materia medica, or pharmacopeia—shall offer the same for sale in any way, till he has filed a complete recipe in English, sworn to before a legal authority constituted for such purpose.—As the Legislature is going in for medical reform, it should also compel doctors to write their prescriptions in English, as an additional security to life against the too frequent ignorance of apothecaries and of doctors, as some of the latter are manufactured at our colleges.

HEAVY ROBBERY OF GOLD DUST.—The police authorities of New York have been furnished with information respecting a heavy robbery of gold dust on board the steamship Union, which reached that port on Wednesday week. Upon opening the wooden boxes, they were found to contain shot and iron weights, instead of gold dust. The boxes were double-cased, and banded with iron, with seals nearly as good as new, showing that the operators were skilled in their business. The amount of missing dust reaches nearly $20,000, the insurance of which falls upon two or three banking-houses in New York. The consignment to one firm is covered by insurance in London. It is thought that the robbery was committed at some point where the steamer touched during her homeward passage.

SPIRIT-RAPPING MACHINE.—The New York Journal of Commerce says a manufacturing house in that city is engaged in making "medium tables" for people who live by their wits. The table is like an ordinary one, with a top formed of a thick board; but concealed within a cavity, in the latter is a small apparatus, with a kind of hammer, for producing the "raps." The hammer is so constructed with a wire running down through the table-leg, that the latter has only to be in contact with a nail-head, or something of the kind, in the floor, to enable the operator to produce the raps, by means of galvanism.

SUNBURY AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The Pennsylvanian states that on last Saturday week, "an agreement was entered into between the officers of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad and the representatives of a company of rich foreign capitalists, by which the latter agree to furnish $4,000,000 to build the road and ensure its completion within two years. This arrangement is subject to the approval of the parties interested abroad, and if it meets their approbation, the road will be at once put under contract."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 176—Adults 78 and children 98.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

☞ The only remedy ever offered to the public that has never failed to cure, when directions are followed, is M'Lane's Liver Pill. It has been several years before the public, and has been introduced in all sections of the Union. Where it has been used it has had the most triumphant success, and has actually driven out of use all other medicines. It has been tried under all the different phases of Hepatis, and has been found equally efficacious in all.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 16.

ASHES.—A moderate demand, with sales of Pots at $5, and 5,50 for Pearls.

COTTON.—The market is steady, with sales of 1,400 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—In Flour there is only a moderate business doing to day, and the market is without material change. The demand for export is quite limited, and there is only a moderate inquiry for home consumption; sales of 6,500 bbls at $4.56¼a4,62½ for common to straight State, and $4,62½a4,87½ for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana and common to good Ohio. A moderate inquiry for Canadian Flour, with sales of 600 bbls at $4,87½. Southern Flour is without change to notice; sales of 800 bbls at $5a5,12½ for mixed to good brands, and $5.37½a6,25 for fancy. Small sales of fine Rye Flour were made at $3,75. Corn Meal is selling at $3,5a3 for Jersey.

GRAIN.—The Wheat market is rather easier, with more offering; sales of 3,000 bushels prime Genesee at $1,25. 7,000 white Ohio at $1,16, and 5,000 white Canadian at about $1,13½. Small sales of Rye are making at previous prices. The Corn market is scarcely so firm; sales of 19,000 bushels at 61a63½ for mixed and white Southern, and 63a64½ for Jersey and Southern yellow. Oats are in fair request at 48 a46 for State and Western, and 41a45 for Jersey.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is firmer, with a fair demand. Sales of 1,100 bbls at $15,87a16 for Mess, $13,37a13,75 for Prime, closing pretty firm at the outside prices. Beef steady; sales of 350 bbls. Sales of 40 barrels Beef Hams at $15, and 75 hhds pickled Hams at 9½c. Lard is firmer, with sales of 500 bbls at 9½a10. Within a few days there have been sales of 2,000 bbls, deliverable between the first of June and first of Sept. at 9½. Butter and Cheese are without change to notice.

WHISKEY.—A fair demand, with sales of 450 bbls at 22½a22½, and 50 Drudge at 21½c, time.

☞ The incursions of bears and wolves into the settled parts of Norway and Sweden are described as having been frightful during the Winter just passed. The bears come fearlessly into the villages and the smaller peasant settlements in Norway, break into the cattle enclosures, kill the oxen and cows, and feast themselves whole nights through; while the wolves seem to have full sway down as far South as the 63rd degree of latitude. All Scandanavia lies buried deep in snow, and the wild beasts, driven to extremity, unite in bands and force their way even to the midst of the towns and villages.

DROWSINESS,

Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headache, palpitation of the heart, &c. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of circulation, are a cause of rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

OF ALL THE REMEDIES

OF THE DAY for the cure of Consumption, none have been found equal to DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. It cures most effectually, by removing at once the causes of the malady, healing the irritations upon the lungs, and sustaining and strengthening the system. For a cold or cough, we never saw such an effectual agent. We feel a degree of confidence in recommending it, because we have had an opportunity of testing its medicinal virtues. The office for it and all of Swayne's Family Medicines, is No. 4 North SEVENTH St., Philadelphia. For sale by Druggists and merchants everywhere. 1t

ALMANAC.

April, 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
23 Saturday,	5 17	6 43	2 3	
24 Sunday,	5 15	6 45	2 46	
25 Monday,	5 14	6 46	3 43	
26 Tuesday,	5 13	6 47	4 41	D. H. M.
27 Wedn'day,	5 12	6 48	5 46	New 8 6 54
28 Thursday,	5 10	6 50	6 49	First 16 11 44
29 Friday,	5 9	6 51	7 49	Full 26 10 13
30 Saturday,	5 8	6 52	8 44	Last 30 1 52

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 10	50	55	57
11	46	52	59
12	48	53	60
13	62	62	67
14	66	63	61
15	43	51	57
16	49	57	58

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th inst. by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, BENJAMIN B. EVANS to SARAH ANN YARNALL, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Collins, DANIEL M. ZIMMERMAN, formerly of N. C. to ELIZABETH, daughter of Saml. Hart, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM HAND, of Allentown, to Miss MARY LEES, grand-daughter of Peter Lees.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN BURGESS, to Mrs. JOANNAH SMITH.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Boardman, ROBERT THOMPSON, Jr. to ELIZABETH S. daughter of David Witebrener, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. at the Church of the Atonement, by the Rev. Geo. W. Natt, JAMES W. HAMMARSLEY, to MARTHA E. daughter of the late Jas. Gregg, of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Mr. EZEKIEL KILPATRICK, to Miss ELEANOR McARTHUR.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Charles W. Shields, CHARLES E. ARMSTRONG, to MARGARET M. daughter of Robt. Hayes.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. George R. Crooks, WILLIAM M. CASEY, to CAROLINE E. daughter of John Thomas, Esq.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, Mr. WILLIAM C. PRICHETT, to MEETA T. daughter of the late P. N. Patrullo, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. JACOB C. BRICKMAN, to Miss EMMA K. daughter of Mr. Benj. Hobson, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Newton, Mr. JOHN H. POLHEMUS, to Miss REBECCA DESILVER, all of this city.

On the 2d instant, at St. Louis, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, JOHN GARRISON, Esq. of Philadelphia, to CAROLINE M. DE WARD, daughter of the late Gov. McNair, of Missouri.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Allen John, Mr. JOHN J. BISSETT, to Miss HANNAH A. COPES, daughter of Geo. V. Copes, of Southwark.

On the 17th Feb. last, by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, Mr. SAMUEL LITTLE, to Miss CAROLINE CARPENTER.

On the 1st instant, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM T. HOGAN, to Miss SARAH CRAIG.

On the 14th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, B. A. MITCHELL, to CAROLINE, daughter of Caleb Hand, Esq. both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th inst. at Lititz, Pa., MARIA THERESA, wife of the Rt. Rev. P. Wolle, in her 54th year.

On the 12th inst. ANNA WHITNEY, daughter of W. H. and Emily H. Jones, aged 18 months.

On the 12th inst. MARY B. wife of Edw. Richie, aged 43 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY A. ROBERTS, aged 17 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARGARET L. CHILDS, aged 84 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. HANNAH A. DAVIS, aged 38.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. SARAH J. DAVIS, aged 22 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARIA MARTIN, aged 51.

On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Benj. Wilson, aged 31 years.

On the 11th inst. HENRIETTA ELIZABETH, daughter of S. W. and Caroline Litzenberg, aged 5 years and 8 months.

On the 10th inst. Miss SARAH REESE, aged 18 years and 6 months.

On the 10th inst. MARY ANN, daughter of Wm. G. and Maria Roberts, aged 17 years.

On the 11th inst. ELIZA JANE, daughter of Gottleib Herriguel, aged 20 years.

On the 13th inst. MARY FINEGAN, wife of John Welsh, aged 25 years.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES, son of Isaac H. and Ann Madara, aged 4 years.

On the 12th inst. THOMAS SEYFERHELD, aged 62.

On the 12th inst. PAMELA R. H. BARNES.

On the 12th inst. ANNA HENRY, son of Amer and Rebecca Ogden.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARTHA TAYLOR, aged 45.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. ANNA WEAVER.

On the 11th inst. Mr. WILLIAM POWELL, aged 51.

On the 9th inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN RUDOLF, aged 80.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. SARAH A. PLUCK, aged 27.

On the 13th inst. Maj. JAMES BELL, aged 61 years.

On the 12th inst. WILLIAM E. SWEENEY, aged 39.

On the 12th inst. GEORGE W. JEFFREES, aged 33.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES S. son of John G. and Catharine Alburger, aged 6 years.

On the 12th inst. FREDERICA, wife of Jas. Waters, aged 33 years.

On the 13th inst. JAMES MONROE, son of John and Elvena Smith, aged 6 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY EMMA, daughter of John and Barbara Breach, aged 15 months.

On the 10th inst. JOSEPH, son of Jos and Jane Bennet, aged 2 years and 2 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS,

No. 32½ South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	½ dis
All other solv't Bks	par
Relief notes	¼a½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princ'ton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury Havre de Grace Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a¼ dis
Solvent co bks	½ dis
James bk	20 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk Onondaga	50 dis
MAINE.	
Mercan bk Bangor	1½ dis
All other solv't bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Bk N Ams Seymour	½ dis
East Bk West Kill.	90 dis
Woodbury bk	90 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes,	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois	80 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock bk	1 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All banks	uncertain
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	—

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills, dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worthless.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked		Bid.	Asked
U S 6's '56	107½	108	Southwark	65	70
" '62	114½	115	Kensington	69½	70
" '67	120	120½	P Township	34	35
" '68	120	120½	Girard	14½	14½
" 5s '53	100½	—	Western	65	—
" '65	101½	—	Manf & Mechs	30½	33
July Interest off			Bk of Com	65	—
Phila'a 6s	100½	104	Camden N J	58½	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	60	—
" 6s Gas	105	106	Trust Bk Co	30½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitts'bg Bk	57	—
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	57	—
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	96½	Louis, Ky	110	111
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	115	115½
Cincinnati 6s	100½	—	Northern	115	115½
Texas T Notes	35	40	Union, Tenn	97	100
" bds 5s	65	70	Planters, Tenn	94	100
Schuyl N 6s	82½	83½	Vicksburg	16½	16½
" Int	53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	93½	99½	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	23½	23½
" Mort 6s	100½	101	" pref'd to	32½	33
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav	83½	83
C & Am R bds	90	90½	C & Del Cal	149	149½
BeaMdw R 6s	80	86	Morris Cl	23½	23½
Susqueh Cl 6s	66	67	Penna&Ohio Cl	—	50
Norrist'n R 6s	99½	100½	Union Cl	15½	15½
Harris R 6s	99½	100½	Cam&Am R	149	150
Wil R 6s	95½	96	Penna R	50½	50½
Read R 6s	81	85½	Bea Mdw R	35½	36
" Mort 6s	96	96½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4½	4½	Susqueh Cl	15½	16½
N Amer Bk	132	133	Norristown R	51	52
Penna Bk	122	124	Harrisburg R	55	56
Philadelphia	140	145	Wilmington R	37	38
Far & Mec	74½	75	Reading R	44	44½
Commercial	65½	—	Minehill R	75	75½
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	30	35
Mechanics	30½	33	N W Min Co	—	35

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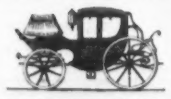

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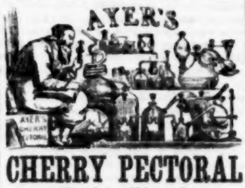

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This letter is from the well known Druggist at Hillsdale, Michigan, one of the largest dealers in the State; and this case is from his own observation.

HILLSDALE, MICH., Dec. 10, 1849.

Dear Sir: Immediately on receipt of you CHERRY PECTORAL, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance of mine who was thought to be near his end with quick consumption. He was then unable to rise from his bed, and was extremely feeble. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I induced them to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street on my way home from the cars, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his arduous trade of a blacksmith.

There are other cases within my knowledge, where the CHERRY PECTORAL has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this.

Very truly yours, G. W. UNDERWOOD.

Hear the Patient.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell,—Dear Sir: Feeling under obligations to you for the restoration of my health, I send you a report of my case, which you are at liberty to publish for the benefit of others. Last autumn I took a cold, accompanied by a severe cough, and made use of many medicines without obtaining relief. I was obliged to give up business, frequently raised blood, and could get no sleep at night. A friend gave me a bottle of your CHERRY PECTORAL, the use of which I immediately commenced according to directions. I have just purchased the fifth bottle, and am nearly recovered. I now sleep well, my cough has ceased, and all by the use of your valuable medicine.

E. S. STONE, A. M.,
Principal Mt. Hope Seminary.

HANOVER, OHIO, April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a lung fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral.

Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.

SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT,
Pastor of the Baptist Church.

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

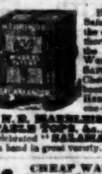
Sold by Fredk. Brown, Phila.; W. H. Mebaffey, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. A. Morris & Co., York, do.; R. P. Hunter, & Co., Reading, do.; B. A. Fahnestock & Co., Pittsburg, do.; F. Eckstein, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Makenzie & Co., Balt. Md.; M. A. Santos, & Son, Norfolk, Va.; Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, do.; Z. D. Gilman, Washington, D. C.; J. Cook & Co., Alexandria, Va.; Rosser & Lyon, Petersburg, do.; Dr. F. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah, Ga.; Joseph Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Francis, Wallis & Warren, Saint Louis, Mo.; Sutcliffe & Hughes, Louisville, Ky.; W. W. Berry, Nashville, Tenn.; B. R. Strong, Knoxville, Ky.; Haviland, Risley & Co., Augusta, Ga.; Booth & Guthrie, Memphis, Tenn., and by all Druggists everywhere.

jan29-eow6m

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!

34 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN FARREL,



Dealer in all kinds of Iron Safes and Money Chests, and is the only person in this State authorized to manufacture or sell the genuine "Herring's World's Fair Premium Safes." Second-hand Safes and Chests of other makers having been received in part pay for Herring's, for sale at less than one-half first cost.

N. B. MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c., &c., from the works of the celebrated "SALAMANDER MARBLE Co." on hand in great variety. feb26-6m

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry Street, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 18k. case, $28.00 and over. Gold Lepine Watches, Jewelled, 18k case, $24.00 and over. Silver Levers, full Jewelled, $12.00 and over. Silver Lepines, $9.00 and over. Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Case, $1.00 and over. Fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware at equally low prices. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. STAUFFER & HARLEY,
jn26-1y No. 96 North Second St., Philadelphia.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!!

ATTENTION!!!

THE only truly great and popular Remedy for PULMONARY DISEASES is JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This valuable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for *Asthma, Cough, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing*, and every other disease of the *Lungs and Breast*, attest to its usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is nearly always cured by it. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough and Pain, subdues the Inflammation and Fever, removes the difficulty of breathing, and by producing a free and easy Expectoration, a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA. Two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children in a few minutes. It immediately subdues the violence of HOOPING COUGH, and shortens its duration. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

In fact, as a remedy in PULMONARY DISEASES, no medicine has ever obtained a higher or more deserved reputation.

It is besides one of the most prompt, safe, and pleasant SUDORIFICS or SWEATING MEDICINES in the world; for when given in the commencement of INFLAMMATORY FEVERS, PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS, PAINS in the CHEST, JOINTS, BONES, or MUSCLES, ACUTE RHEUMATISM, &c., in doses large enough to cause a *slight nausea*, (at the same time covering up warmly in bed and drinking freely of cold water) it will in a short time produce a profuse perspiration, which, if continued for two or three hours, will subdue these affections at once.

CERTIFICATES.

ASTHMA.

Lambertville, N. J., April 27th, 1851.

☞ Dr. Jayne, Dear Sir—By the blessing of God, your EXPECTORANT has effected a cure in me of a most distressing complaint. I was seized with great severity by a paroxysm of ASTHMA, a disease with which I had been afflicted for many years past. It was attended with a hoarseness and soreness of the Lungs and Throat, together with a laborious cough and complete prostration of strength, and wore out with suffocation, when a bottle of your Expectorant was sent to my house. At first I thought it was nothing but quackery, but seeing it was so highly recommended by Dr. Going, with whom I was acquainted, I was induced to try it, and in a few days it completely cured me, nor have I ever had any return of the disease since.

Yours, most respectfully, JOHN SEGER,
Late Pastor of the Baptist Church at Lambertville, N. J.

INFLUENZA, COUGH, AND ASTHMA.

New York, March 10th, 1852.

☞ Dr. Jayne: Dear Sir—Being severely afflicted with INFLUENZA—a hard COUGH and ASTHMA—and finding every means fail of relieving me, CONSUMPTION appeared inevitable—but by taking two bottles of your EXPECTORANT, I was restored to perfect health.

Respectfully, yours, JOHN ELLIS,
Late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Stamford, Ct.

DESPERATE CASE CURED.

FROM THE REV. T. W. M. HARVY.

☞ Dear Sir—In the fall of 1840 I was attacked with a most violent racking pain in my left side, immediately under my heart, giving me the most excruciating agony, and at times rendering me entirely speechless. I think it was brought on by taking cold. In the course of a few weeks it extended all through my breast, growing worse and worse every day, and giving my friends the utmost solicitude concerning me. I tried for nearly a year all the remedies which were recommended for my disease, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, but unfortunately without success. I was at last about to give up in despair, when a kind friend thought of your EXPECTORANT. I procured a bottle of it, and before I had entirely used the whole of it, I felt evident symptoms of a change for the better. I continued on using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself COMPLETELY CURED by means of your invaluable medicines.

Yours, very respectfully,
T. W. H. HARVY,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,
Dr. D. Jayne. Terre Haute, Ind., May 8th, 1848.

BRONCHITIS.

☞ Dr. P. MASON, an old and highly respectable Physician, of Goonsville, Ia., writes, August 3, 1848—Your Expectorant is a good Medicine, and since the commencement of last winter, is going into use. Several persons are now using it for Bronchitis, with decided benefit.

Respectfully yours, PHILIP MASON, M. D.

BRONCHITIS.

Beaver, Pa., Jan. 23, 1841.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—Having been for a long time severely afflicted with Bronchitis, and having heard of the wonderful efficacy of your EXPECTORANT for Coughs, Asthma, difficulty of breathing, and other diseases of the Lungs, I purchased two bottles of it, and am happy to inform you that it immediately suppressed the Cough, removed the Pain and difficulty of breathing, and produced a free and easy expectoration, and very soon effected a complete cure. JONATHAN DAVIS,
Baptist Minister, Beaver, Pa.

WHOOPING COUGH.

☞ Rev. LYMAN PALMER, writes:

Clermont, N. Y., May 9th, 1850.

Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—We have used your medicines in our family with the happiest effects. We gave your Expectorant last summer to our children, when they had the Whooping Cough. It produced an easy expectoration of Mucous, and soon terminated the Cough. Were it necessary, I could speak so highly of your Vermifuge and Sanative Pills. I must say, however, that your Pills are the best Cathartic I ever used.

Yours, &c., LYMAN PARKER.

PLEURISY.

☞ GEORGE ROWLAND, Esq., Rockaway, N. J., says, March 10th, 1851:

I have had a very severe attack of PLEURISY, for which I took your Expectorant, (according to the directions you have given in your Almanac for the cure of Pleurisy,) and in a few hours I began to sweat freely, and continued to perspire for thirty-six hours, which completely broke up the disease, and left me free from pain and sickness.

Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROWLAND.

Dr. D. Jayne.

BAD COLDS.

☞ Rev. JOHN McCLOSKY says—Permit me to say that in the use of a bottle of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, I found it remarkably beneficial in giving relief to the organs of respiration, under an affection very similar to what is usually called a bad cold. For several years past I have had some difficulty in maintaining a healthy action in these organs during the fall season and early part of the winter. In the use of several kinds of Medicines, nothing has been so efficacious as JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

JOHN McCLOSKY,
President of West Alexandria (Pa.) Academy.

SUPPOSED CONSUMPTION.

☞ Your EXPECTORANT has proved to be the best medicine ever used for diseases of the Lungs. I have a brother lately returned from Mexico, supposed to be gone with CONSUMPTION. He seemed to receive no benefit from any medicine prescribed for him, and was given up to die. By sending forty miles, I obtained 9 bottles of your EXPECTORANT; by the use of two of them, he was entirely cured.

Yours, truly, T. K. MARSHALL,
Postmaster at Chaplin, Nelson Co., Ky.

Dr. D. Jayne.

CROUP.

☞ JOHN HARRIMAN, Esq., Postmaster at Stewartstown, N. H., writes, April 29, 1849:

Not long since, a child of mine had a very violent and distressing attack of CROUP, which must have proved fatal had not immediate relief been obtained. I commenced giving your EXPECTORANT, and within three quarters of an hour, the child having taken six tea spoonfulls, breathed with perfect ease, a cure within that time having been effected.

JOHN HARRIMAN.

A BAD COLD.

☞ The Rev. J. L. RICHMOND, Agent of the Pennsylvania Baptist Convention, writes, December 6, 1850:

Dr. D. Jayne, Dear Sir:—You had the goodness to give me a bottle of your EXPECTORANT. I had a bad cold at the time, and in a few days, by taking about half the bottle, I got entirely well.

Truly yours, J. L. RICHMOND.

CONSUMPTION.

PLEASANT TEASEL, Fayette, Lafayette Co., Wis., writes, July 15, 1851:

My daughter, a girl of about 20 years, caught a violent cold last fall, which soon assumed the worst form of CONSUMPTION, she could hardly breathe, and lost all appetite, and fell off from day to day. Medical aid was called in but no relief was given; finally the physician declared that she might linger on yet for three, perhaps, even six months, but that there was no help for her. I then, as a last resort, went to Mineral Point, and got from your Agent a bottle of EXPECTORANT, one of ALTERATIVE, and one box of SANATIVE PILLS. She began with the EXPECTORANT, and to our great satisfaction she began to mend almost immediately; her cough left her, and her breathing became easier. After that she took the Alterative and Pills, and now she is hearty and well, and we are satisfied that the disease is broken. A few bottles and boxes of your medicine brought about this change, which months of physical attendance and great expense of money never could do, and it gives me great pleasure to let my friends and neighbors know where, in case of need, they may find relief.

PLEASANT TEASEL.

CONSUMPTION.

☞ D. G. DORRANCE & CO., of Florence, Oneida Co., N. Y., write, Dec. 2, 1851:

Your EXPECTORANT proves a really valuable medicine, and certificates of its virtues can be had in this section if you need any. We cannot forbear naming one instance. In May last, a child of Mr. Robert Nutal, aged 20 months, was given up to die by the attending physician. The father being in the store one day, informed us that the little one so long sick with CONSUMPTION, would probably live but one day or two, it being so emaciated that the back bone had worn through the skin, and being nearly a skeleton, and that the physician was not coming again to see him. Upon learning the particulars, we urged him to take some of your EXPECTORANT. He declined, at first, taking any, saying it was useless, yet by urging him he took one bottle, and suffice to say, it acted like a charm, and saved the life of the little sufferer, and he is now hearty and well. There are other instances where it has done much good.

D. G. DORRANCE & CO.

Thousands of Certificates from men of eminence have been given but they would occupy too much space to publish.

Prepared by Dr. D. JAYNE, at Jayne's Buildings, 84 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia. jan15-6m

Selected Poetry.

LISETTE.

[The following verses have never, we believe, been printed. Can any one tell us who the author is?—*Lit. World.*]

My light Lisette
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half coquette;
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
Is my Lisette.
A something settled and precise
Has made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lisette.

The measured motion of the blood,
The words where each one tells,
Too logical for womanhood,
Brief changes rung on silver bells.
The cheek with health's clear kisses worn,
The finished frame so light,
Such fullness, in a little form,
As satisfies the sight.
The bodice fitted and exact,
The nut-brown tress so lightly curled,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her like is nowhere in the world.
Such knowledge in the ways of life,
And household order, such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful overmuch.
All these so moved me,
When we met—
I would she loved me,
Trim Lisette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,
And, in an accent soft and clear,
Lay some three words within her ear?
I think she would not answer no.
And by the ribbon in her hair,
And those unmated lips, I swear
I keep some little doubt as yet.
With such an eye,
So grave and sly,
Looks my Lisette.
What words may show
Me yes or no
Of my Lisette.
The doubt is less,
Since last we met;
Let it be "yes,"
My sweet Lisette.

Selected Articles.

LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

[In looking over Mrs. Swisshelm's recently published volume of letters, we came across several that either must have escaped us when the series was originally published, or have been added since. The following is one of them:—]

Papier-Mache Furniture, Coral Baskets, and Artificial Fruit and Flowers, Shell-work, etc.

DEAR GIRLS—Most of you have seen papier-mache furniture, but those who live away out in the back-woods may likely know nothing about it. Well, it is furniture made out of paper, like those black polished buttons you often see on vests. This furniture has all manner of beautiful flowers and pictures of different places and things printed down into it, and polished until they look like mother-of-pearl. This furniture is made in France, and is used in the most elegant drawing-rooms, and is very beautiful. There are a great many little table-stands and boxes made of this material; and if you pay attention, I can teach you how to make any little box, or old stand, or table look like papier-mache and thus add another ornament and charm to home. These little, old-fashioned candle-sticks, which stand upon a stock in the centre, are in shape very like many of the French tables, and if you have one in any odd corner, you may turn it to good account. Get a pretty colored engraving, such as you would like to have on your table-top; or if you try the experiment on a work-box, get pictures to suit the sides and top, get black paint ready mixed, or Japan varnish. Clean off your table thoroughly with soap and warm water to be sure there is no grease left in the wood. Give it a good coat of black, and let it dry. Of course any country girl can handle a painter's brush well enough to paint and varnish an old table.

If you use black paint to make your table black, you should, when it is dry, take a piece of rotten-stone and water, and scour it all evenly over until it is quite smooth. If you use black varnish it will not require this, but in either case the next thing in order is, to put on a coat of copal varnish; when this is about half dry, or just so stiff that your finger sticks to it when you touch it, take your picture and turn the colored side down on the varnish, press it down tightly, and take care that it does not move. Make every part stick to the varnish, and lay some smooth, heavy thing, or board, or book on it to hold it down, and let it remain until it is thoroughly dry. Then wet the paper with water, and rub it off; rub gently until all the paper is off, and you will have the picture on your stand; rub it dry, and put on another coat of the copal varnish and dry it. The oftener you varnish it the prettier it will be; but you should take care that nothing touches it, and that no dust falls upon it while drying. In transferring the picture, many prefer to have the table dry, and put the varnish on the picture and stick it fast while wet. It does not make much difference which way you take. Furniture made of pine or poplar wood, and polished in this way, is quite as pretty as rosewood or mahogany. If you make it white instead of black, and use mastic varnish, you can make it look like porcelain.

When your centre-table is finished, if you want a pretty basket to set on it and hold trifles, make one of pasteboard. By exercising a little ingenuity you can make a very pretty-shaped basket of pasteboard; but if you do not like the trouble, get a nice white willow basket, get a fip's worth of vermilion, and half a pound of resin, and one ounce of beeswax; melt the wax and resin together in a tin cup, and stir in as much of the vermilion as will make it a clear red, the color of coral. Have some rice ground through a coffee-mill, so that about one-fourth the grains are whole, or nearly so, and the rest broken. A bit of rag tied around the end of a stick, will do for a brush. While your wax is warm give a small piece of your basket a thick coat, and sprinkle it thickly with the rice before the wax hardens, and be careful to get as much of it to stick as will cover nearly all the surface. When the wax hardens, shake off all the loose rice, and then put hot wax over it until the rice is well covered, and so go around your basket. It looks just like coral. Some, instead of the resin and wax, use sealing-wax and dissolve it in alcohol, but this is more expensive and no better. You can have vases turned of wood, and done over with this coral work, which will make very pretty mantel ornaments. It just occurs to me, that an ugly mirror or picture-frame might be covered with this preparation, and have its appearance very greatly improved thereby. I have never seen it tried, but think a coral frame would look well on a dressing glass, in a girl's room, and moreover, that a common house-carpenter might make a fine picture-frame for a trifle, which you could thus convert into rather an elegant-looking parlor ornament. If the rice is well fastened on with the wax it is quite firm and durable.

If you want to make artificial flowers or small fruit, you must have fine wire for stems, and can get a bunch at a wire-maker's for half a dime, that will make enough for half a dozen houses. For grapes cut your stems about five inches long, and roll one end around a ball of raw cotton as large as a large pea, for large grapes, and in proportion for small ones; take green tissue-paper, cut in narrow strips, and roll it carefully around your wire stem, fastening one end in with the cotton; dissolve resin and beeswax, half a pound of resin to half an ounce of wax; while it is hot dip in the end of the wire with your little cotton ball, then turn carefully around, and if necessary press gently with your fingers until it is the proper shape, then dip into cold water, and so on until it is large enough. Make them in the grape season, and have a bunch for a pattern. Have pulverized indigo, and those you wish to have a bluish tinge, dust with it while the last coat of wax is soft. They will look better to have some on the bunch not quite ripe, and these you can best make by mixing some dry well pulverized green paint, such as chrome green, with the resin and wax while it is hot, and stirring it well before dipping the grapes. If you remember, I told you before that blue and yellow always make green; so if you have king's yellow, that and indigo will do for your green grapes. Prussian blue is a better article than indigo, but this answers very well for fruit and costs less.

When you have your grapes made, you will want leaves, and ought to have green glazed paper, an article made on purpose for this use; but it is often difficult to get such things in country places, and so I have often used well-glazed, fine green cambric, sometimes green silk, after dipping it into a solution of gum-arabic. Another substitute I like rather better than either, and this is two tints of green tissue paper, the one corresponding to the back and the other to the face of a natural grape leaf; paste the two together with nice smooth starch, and when dry have gum arabic dissolved in water—a table-spoonful of the gum to three of water—and coat the darker side of the paper with it; when dry, it is ready for use. Then pluck such grape leaves from the vine as you wish to imitate. Spread a soft blanket doubled six times, or as many ply of wadding, lay your paper on it, place your grape leaf, back downwards, on the gummed side of the paper, and set a warm iron on the leaf; press it down heavily for some moments, and when you lift the iron the leaf will be sticking fast to the paper. Take your scissors and cut it neatly out, then scrape the withered leaf off the paper. Most likely it will not all come off. The down at least will adhere to the gum, and it will require some inspection to be sure your artificial leaf is not real. A natural grape leaf is seldom free from blemishes when the grapes are ripe, and these blemishes are better represented by the stains or spots which the adhering particles of the old leaf gives the paper, than by any other process I have ever seen. The leaf cut out, you should pass a piece of wire through the three principal veins of the leaf, about the centre, double them, and twist all together for a stem. This is generally the best way for a country girl to make any leaf, as few have access to "impressions," which are expensive. For plums or fruit that has not a very strongly marked leaf, it is better to buy the leaves ready made. They can be found in most fancy or variety stores.

Your leaves made, the stems must be carefully rolled or covered with paper, like that of the grapes. For the tendrils you must cover wire, and roll it around a smooth little stick. A common lead pencil does very well. Twist them together, and you have a bunch of grapes ready for your fruit-basket. Plums and cherries are made in the same way, i. e., dipped like candles of resin and wax, taking care to make the plum take the proper oval form, and creasing one side with the back of a knife each dip while the wax is warm. The color is given to the cherry by mixing vermilion, as for the coral, in greater or less quantities according to the kind of cherry you wish to make. A very little red will color the resin enough for a black cherry, and more will make a "May duke."

Berries are made entirely of wax without resin. You prepare the stem, as for the grape, with the cotton heart; melt beeswax soft enough to work well, and with your fingers make the form of a blackberry or raspberry, about half the size you wish it. Those for blackberries mix common lampblack with a bit of soft wax, hold it in your hand to keep soft, and pinch off little bits large enough for seeds, which you know vary about as much as shot even on the same berry, and roll them between your fingers into little balls. When enough are made, begin at the top of your berry and stick them on closely. The berry should be kept soft so that they will adhere, and when it is all covered with the black seeds it should be varnished, and your blackberry is complete. They are tedious, but when carefully made, are a better representation of the natural fruit than any imitation I have ever seen.

The raspberry is made in the same way, only coloring the wax for the seeds red instead of black. The English is difficult to imitate on account of the caterpillar-like down with which it is decorated. This difficulty may be got over by taking fine wool and sticking a spear or two in with each seed, then shearing the berry when finished.

To make any of the larger fruits, apples, peaches, pears, &c., you must have plaster of Paris moulds. These are troublesome to make; you ought to go to a foundry, and watch the men making moulds for metal. It is a most ingenious process, and one well worth attention for its own sake; besides it is the only way I can think of that would be easy for all of you to learn so much about the art of moulding, as would enable you to understand written directions for taking a cast of anything. It would often be very desirable for you to be able to make an exact copy of a rare apple. To do this you should get plaster of Paris, ready for mixing, from a millstone manufacturer. The lady who taught me to make the moulds used to get it ground, then put it in a copper kettle dry, and boil it several minutes, and mix with water while yet warm; but I have since learned that millstone makers just mix it cold. As I have not made a mould for many years, I have never tried the cold mix; but any man from whom you get the plaster will tell you if it is ready to mix, or will harden after being worked into a dough. Well, that point settled, have a small box of sand, bury one half your apple in it, having either the stem or blossom end up. It must not be laid on its side; press the sand down around it and smooth it very nicely; have three bits of wood or long pebbles placed in the sand, at regular distances around the apple, and a quarter of an inch from the side of it; let them project over the sand a quarter or half an inch; take a funnel-shaped stick, with the small end as large as the barrel of a goose quill, and stick it into the apple; mix your plaster into a soft dough, and cover all carefully, except the top end of the funnel-stick; this is to make a hole in the mould; press it down until it fits every part exactly, and cover an inch and a half or two inches thick; let it remain until the plaster is hard, then lift, and you have one half your mould. The little sticks at the side will have made three indentations in the side of the mould, but these do not interfere with the cup, which ought to correspond exactly to the form of the apple. The apple and stick should be oiled to prevent the plaster adhering, and when one half the mould is made, oil it well, place your apple in it just as it was taken, and cover the other end with plaster; when it hardens, you have a great shapeless ball, but it is to separate like an oyster shell and let out the apple. Instead of three indentations in the side of the new half, there are three projections answering exactly to them, and answering the purpose somewhat of a dovetail joining furniture; they prevent the two halves of the mould from slipping on each other, and make them fit together. The funnel-shaped stick has left a hole to pour the wax in. Oil the inside of your mould, and hold them firmly together; have beeswax melted, and pour in—a bit of wax one quarter the size of the apple will be enough; and turn the moulds around as soon as it is poured in—turn them constantly and gently for five or ten minutes, when the wax will be hard, and you can take out your wax apple, which will of course be hollow-hearted. It will want a little trimming with a knife, and a little painting with dry paint if it is to be rosy; if a greening, you should color the wax upon pouring it into the mould. When ready, varnish with mastic or copal varnish, and you have your apple ready for use.

To make your apple a peach, paint it, that is, take a bit of dry cotton, which is better than a brush; touch it in dry vermilion, and rub gently until you give a red cheek; then varnish, and when about half dry, put it into a basket of the peaches old Dame Nature makes, shake them together gently until your peach steals a coat; or do you, with a cloth, rub the coat off some of her children, then roll your bantling in this swaddling cloth until he gets a beard, when he will be ready to receive company, and may be sent to the parlor table.

You may make very pretty flowers for mantel ornaments of tissue paper, and can get the paper of any color for a cent a sheet. For these you cut your wire stems just as for grapes, but instead of a raw cotton heart, make a heart of well starched, white sewing cotton. Take a little bunch—about a dozen threads an inch long, double your wire across the middle of the thread, and twist it firmly around, so that the wire will hold the thread fast; cut it evenly with a pair of scissors, so that you have something like a little broom; have gum dissolved and quite thick, dip the end of the little broom into the gum, then touch it in some dry yellow paint, either king's yellow or yellow ochre in powder. The paint will stick to the gum, and you have the stamen of a flower. For a rose, cut half a dozen or more patterns in writing paper, of leaves about the shape of hearts, and of graduated sizes. The shape of a natural rose leaf will not do, for it does not leave room to fasten them to the stem. Double your tissue paper a half dozen or more times, so that you can cut a good many leaves at once, and cut according to the patterns. Let them stick together in bunches, place them on a damp cloth with another on them, and pressed down on them until they are fit to iron; then have a piece of metal with a round end—you will have to exercise your judgment about what it will be, but the head of our kitchen poker is what I use. Warm this, place a bunch of the leaves in the hollow of your left hand, and press your iron into the centre of them. Hold it there until they take the form of a cup. Look at a rose leaf and you will see what I mean. None of them are flat, but have something the form of a muscle-shell. Well, the reason why so many homemade artificial flowers look badly is, that the leaves are flat. Professional flower-makers have machinery for cutting and indenting the leaves, but this machinery is not easy to get, and so I continued to make a press out of the palm of my hand and the *head* of the poker. For a very small leaf use the point.

The leaves cupped, separate them and they are ready to put on the stem. If the gum is dry on the head of the stamen, you put them around it; the smallest first and one at a time, allowing the edges to overlap about a fourth of their breadth, fasten each one either by wrapping a thread of green floss silk tight around, or stick it fast with melted glue. If you use glue the wire stem must first be wrapped with green paper. Good thick paste will do to fasten on the leaves, but it is tedious to wait on it drying, for you can only put on a few at a time. The glue hardens quickly, and it is easier fastening on rose leaves with it than anything else I have ever tried. Put on larger leaves as your rose grows, until it is large enough. For a bud have your leaves more cupped, and place them up as to hide the stamen. Cut the calyx out of green paper, as near as possible to the shape of the natural, and cover it with natural moss, stuck on in little bits with glue or gum. Without "cutters" and "impressions" you cannot make a calyx fit to be seen, but the moss covers the defects and makes it a moss rose.

Any flower you want to make be sure to have a natural specimen for a pattern. With wire for stems, stiff thread and yellow powder for stamens, paper for coral and leaves, patient fingers and taste, you can make a pretty good imitation of a good many flowers, even without a teacher; and these little ornaments make a very plain country home look tasteful and pleasant.

As for shell-work, if you have any pretty shells, put them in a basket or box, and set them on your parlor table. Never attempt to stick them fast to anything. It is a great waste of shells to stick them on vases, or boxes, and pincushions, in bad imitations of eagles, and roses, and fishes, and little dogs. It makes me uncomfortable to see a sea-shell imprisoned in putty or white lead, and all in a row like militia men at a drill, or dried apples on a string. If you *do* make any parlor ornament of shell-work, hunt the largest and most irregular shaped fragment of rock you can find room for; get the men and oxen to bring and place it as you wish, then mix quicklime and raw eggs into a paste or plaster, lay a strata of this upon your rock, and stick your shells into it hap-hazard. You will thus have an artificial geological specimen—a strata of shells embedded in limestone, for the egg supplies the place of the animal matter which was burned out of the limestone to make it lime, and it will quickly harden into a substance very like what it was before passing the ordeal of fire. As it hardens very quickly, you can only mix a little at a time and use it immediately. By the way, this is a good cement for mending broken crockery-ware, and even for stopping leaks in metallic vessels; likewise it would make a good substitute for plaster, if this should not be easy to get, in making moulds for fruit.

Dear me, what a long, long letter! Well I shall never write so long a one again, and if there is anything in it that any of you want to understand, and cannot, just write and tell me, and I will try to make it plainer.

NATIVITY.—It has been satisfactorily ascertained that no less than three distinct waves of emigration have passed from Asia into Europe. The first of these was the Celtic. The first allusion to this race is by Homer, who informs us that they dwelt on the shores of the Black Sea; and that from this region they spread themselves along to the West and North-West, across the European Continent, until they reached the British Isles. Herodotus says they occupied Europe before the Scythians. The second wave that swept from Asia into Europe, was the Scythian. This must have been six or eight centuries before the Christian era. The Welsh, Irish and Scotch all belong to the Celtic tribe—as also their descendants, down to our time. The Germans, a portion of the Swiss, Belgians, and Norwegians, belong to the Scythian stock. There is also this element in Italy, France, and in Spain. The third stream of population which poured into Europe from the East was the Sclavonian, who penetrated into Hungary. But we will consider the second class—the Scythian or Gothic race.

They first inhabited the Caucasian Mountains, from the river Araxes as far as the sea of Asia. According to Justin, the Latin historian, Cyrus came in contact with this tribe. They belonged to a great number of tribes who were known by the general name of Scythians. Tacitus calls them Teutons. From this race have sprung the present inhabitants of Westphalia, the island of Britain, the United States, and the English colonies throughout the world.—*Pomeroy.*

Wit and Humor.

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."
Lantern.

A GOOD WRITER.—We recollect reading an anecdote of a young gentleman of a gin-and-water turn of mind and collar, who was determined, in his admiration of the intellectual, not to wed unless the object of his adoration was an accomplished woman and a good writer. A practical old friend of his, who attached a very literal meaning to expressions, told him he knew a young lady who would just suit him.

The introduction took place, and the young gentleman went directly to the point. "Miss ——," said he, "are you a writer?"

"Yeth, thur," replied she, blushing.

"Who are your favorite authors?—Johnson, Scott, Steel, Addison, Goldsmith, or whom?"

"Oh, thur," she naively replied, "I don't know nothing about that, thur—I write small-hand!"

LATE HOURS.—Mr. Barham, author of the Ingoldsby Legends, when a youth, studied with Mr. Hodson, afterwards principal of the Brasenose. This gentleman, who, doubtless discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was amiable and high minded in his pupil, treated him with marked indulgence, sent, however, on one occasion, to demand an explanation of his continued absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, sir," urged his pupil, "you are too late for me." "Too late!" repeated the tutor, in astonishment. "Yes, sir; I cannot set up till seven o'clock in the morning; I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."—*Life of Barham.*

A REBUFF.—A worthy man in this great metropolis recently visited a "medium" to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative. "Who?" "The spirit of Melinda, your deceased wife." "Ah," exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but, recovering himself, he kindly inquired, "Are you satisfied with your condition?—are you HAPPY?" "Perfectly so," replied the spirit. "So AM I," gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned upon his heel and walked off.—*Boston Journal.*

PUTTING YOUNG LADIES TO GOOD USE.—That was a mean Dutchman, that Hans Karg. He had one beautiful, Madonna-looking daughter, who no more resembled him than does a flower the root.

"Hans, how on earth do you keep the potatoes from freezing?" asked a neighbor, one morning.

"Fy, I makes Carolina shleep on de botatoes," answered Hans, "dat keeps dem from freezin'!"

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.—Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked, that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side," upon which it was observed, that his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over.*

JOHN RANDOLPH.—The celebrated John Randolph, not wishing to reply to a disagreeable question put to him in Congress, evaded it by saying, "Sir, that is a question, and I never answer questions."

City Scenes.

SERVANTGALISM:

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

SERVANT GAL.—"I tell you what, Cook, with my Beauty and Figger, I ain't a going to stop in service no longer. I shall be orf to Haustraylier."

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The following will do to republish in these days, when our English friends again dread a French Invasion. It professes to be related by Lien Chi Altangi, the Citizen of the World, to his friend Fum Hoam:

A few days ago, passing by one of the London prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which, I thought, might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative: we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves!" cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison—(and he held the goblet in his hand)—may this be my poison; but I would sooner list for a soldier!"

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out: "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change—aye, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames," (such was the solemnity of his adjuration,) "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

A GOOD RETORT.—Campbell relates:—"Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, the health of the *painters* and *glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers.*"

A MILITARY BALL.—"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid the other night of an old veteran of Jackson's army of '15.

"No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "in those days I had a military BALL come to ME—and what d'ye think? it took my leg off."

WITTY SIMILE.—Sir Harry Hargrave's mind is full of the most obsolete errors; a very Monmouth-street of threadbare prejudices: if a truth gleam for a moment upon him, it discomposes all his habit of thought, like a stray sunbeam in a cave full of bats.—*Bulwer.*

MISERY AND ITS ANTIDOTE.—"Wherever I go, some poor body or other is being assisted; yet it doesn't seem to make the misery less."

"Very true, Mr. Jolliffe," answers the doctor, "and I, who am always among the poor, see a great deal of misery—a great deal indeed; But I find, in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either spend all the money they earn in drink, or get disheartened by their low wages, and give up work altogether, never considering that a little is better than nothing; and then, when reduced almost to starvation, they will not go to the workhouse!"

"Because they are separated, dear papa, from their wives and children," says Blanche, "and that is very hard to bear."

"So it is, my love," answers the doctor, "but which, my dearest, is the best, to be parted from your wife and children, and feel they are well fed and warmly housed, or see them shivering with cold, and starving before your face? Besides," continues the doctor, "the imprudence they are guilty of is astonishing. The other day I went to see a poor woman, dangerously ill; and whilst I was with her, her husband, who had just earned a few shillings, after having been out of work some time, brought her a peach! Now, would you believe it possible? Instead of procuring her a mutton chop, for which he would have given threepence, and which would have done her good, he gave a shilling for a magnificent peach, which, after all, I could not permit her to eat. The man looked so disappointed that, after lecturing him a little on his folly, I bought it of him."

"Ah, sir," says old Joliffe, "I wish they'd put such as that in the papers; it would do a great deal more good than writing on the cruelty of the rich, and the misery of the poor. All these clever folks who write upon the condition of the poor are, in my humble judgment, greatly mistaken. They give them *fine* feelings instead of *good* ones, and do harm to those whom they are anxious to assist; for, in endeavoring to paint their wretched state, they color so highly as to make these poor people think themselves worse off than they really are."—*Roxbury Assistant.*

For Housekeepers.

POTTED HERRING.—Clean your herring, wash them well, and wipe them dry; then rub each one with salt and cayenne pepper; place in your jar a layer of herring, then some grains of allspice, half-a-dozen cloves, and two or three blades of mace; then put in another layer of herring, and so on till all are in; cover the herring with cold vinegar, tie up the jar closely with several thicknesses of paper, and set it in the oven after the bread has been drawn out; let it remain there all night. As soon as they become cold they will be fit for use.—*National Cook Book.*

TO MAKE PURE WHITE SOAP.—Take soda in crystals, and put it into a barrel with a layer above of quick-lime, and pour warm water upon it, suffering the liquor to leach out in the same manner that ashes are leached out in the woods for making crude potash. This liquor should be filtered through straw, so as to have it pure and clear. Its specific gravity should be 1.040 in the hydrometer. To every gallon of this lye, 11 lbs. of melted suet or white tallow should be added, and it should be kept boiling gently in a clean kettle for four hours. It should then be completely saponified, which can easily be tested by immersing a flat knife in it. When completely saponified, it will shake on the spatula. The fire should then be drawn from the furnace, and a handful of salt, dissolved in cold water, thrown in. This is to cool the soap and separate it from the water. It can then be run off into frames, and when cool cut it into proper cakes. This is good soap, and is well adapted for making into toilet and other soaps.—*Scientific American.*

Miscellaneous.

THE FUN OF RIDING IN A STAGE.

Creeping through the valley,
Crawling o'er the hill,
Splashing through the "branches,"
Rumbling by the mill;
Putting nervous "gemmen"
In a towering rage;
What is so provoking
As riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing,
Heads severely bumped,
Friend and foe together
Get their noses thumped;
Dresses act as carpets—
Listen to the sage;
"Life is but a journey
Taken in a stage."

Spinsters "fair and forty,"
Maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast in-
To their neighbors' arms!
Children shoot like squirrels
Darting through the cage;
Isn't it delightful,
Riding in a stage?

Bonnets crushed around us,
Hats "look worse for wear,"
Teeth, at each concussion,
Fly to take the air;
Shriveled maiden ladies,
Past a "certain age,"
Groan forth only—"Dreadful
Riding in a stage!"

Jolted—thumped—distracted—
Racked, and quite forlorn—
"Oh!" cries one, "what duties
Now are laid on *corn*!"
Mad, disgusted, angry,
In a swearing rage,
'Tis the very mischief
Riding in a stage!

HINTS ON CLEANLINESS.

The following facts, taken from Dr. Alcott's new work, entitled "Lectures on Life and Health," exhibit in a manner somewhat striking the necessity of ventilating and cleaning cellars, wells, &c.:

"In the early part of my career as a medical practitioner, I was called to the house of a wealthy farmer whose numerous family had been alarmed by the sudden appearance in their midst of a severe disease, of the typhoid dysenteric character. I found the family in great trouble, indeed the whole neighborhood greatly agitated and distressed.

On examination for local causes of what seemed to be a local disease—it was the month of September—I found the cellar and all the premises in a condition which left little room for doubt. The cellar had not been cleaned that year, if indeed in two or three years. It was full, so to speak, of half putrid cabbages and cabbage leaves, decayed potatoes, and apples ciderless, remnants of animal substances—some of them quite putrescent—and mouldy shelves and bins. The house, well, vault, sty, and I had almost said the barn and barn-yard, were in a sort of concavity or basin; and their filthy contents, when put in a liquid state by the rains or otherwise, appeared likely to have intercommunication. Besides this, the sink was close to the well, the water of which was low.

The premises were cleaned and ventilated; the sick—what had not died—were taken care of, and no longer permitted to inhale carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen gas; the alarm ceased; the rest of the patients, except one, recovered, and no more disease prevailed among them, as far as I could learn, for many years.

In the town where I now reside, (Newton, Mass.,) is a large manufacturing village, which, till ten or twelve years ago, had the reputation of being sickly at the close of summer or the beginning of autumn every year. A leading citizen who had just removed to the village—a man of great influence—declared publicly, that from the nature of the case, the disease must be of local origin.

The result, after some delay, was a thorough depuration and ventilation throughout the village. Cellars and wells were cleaned; bedrooms enlarged and ventilated; styes and vaults attended to or removed to a distant part of the premises, and arrangements made to have fewer occupants of each tenement. And mark, now, the sequel. For though I presume not to say that the whole change has arisen from breathing a better atmosphere, yet I will state such facts in the case as can be substantiated. For about twelve years, the "mysterious" annual visitor has neglected to pay his visits, and the villagers have enjoyed at least their average amount of health.

TRUE COURAGE.—We love a brave man. Not your bearded musket bearer, who stalks like a puppet to the battle field, and pops a ball or two in the air, and then retires; but the man who has inherent in the inmost recesses of his soul that fortitude of character, that invincible Spartan spirit, which spurns the base promptings to evil, and chooses only the true path, whose mile-stones are virtues. The soldier is well in his place—he is a necessity. So is the bull-dog. Excellent, both of them, in case of hostility. But the man whose stern purpose is not to bend from the right, is the angel of earth. But alas! like the angel's visits, they are very few. It is seldom you see a man bear the ills of life, its miseries and cares, and come out from the ordeal pure. It is told in history that during the celebration of the festivals of Diana in Orthia, youths were whipped before the altar, and he who bore the lash of the whip with the greatest patience and without uttering a groan, was declared victorious, and received upon his brow the chaplet of victory. There are such trials in human life. Men feel "the whips and stings of outrageous fortune," some to fall and sink into oblivion, others to rise triumphant through the ever present influences of that fortitude of character which receives, as its meed, the praises and plaudits of the world.

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.—We were witnesses, this morning, to the manner in which the natives of Australia throw the boomerang. It is a carved piece of hard wood or bone, something in the shape of a sickle, but much larger, and more crooked. It is sharpened on both sides and on the points. The person using it, hurls it with great force into the air, at an angle of about thirty degrees from the earth. It flies in a straight line about one hundred and thirty yards; and then stops its onward course, performs two or three gyrations in the air, and returns apparently with equal velocity with which it went, and strikes the object aimed at, within a few feet of the hurler. The boomerang is used as a weapon of offence among the natives of Australia, and sometimes as a sport or athletic game. The whole proceeding is very curious.—*Alta.*

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

This is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favorite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting cases to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivities when people cruelly give you joy of having made one more step to your grave; this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbecked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Cutson Street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Donbiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup; "he has two such lovely Sevre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in his most decided tone, "what can you want with anything more in the drawing-room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across the room as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a *chef d'œuvre*," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse, "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife.—One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—considers *les horreurs de la digestion*!"

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Seymour eats his walnuts, pealed

"By no hand, as thou may guess,
But that of Fairy Fair,"

alias Mrs. Seymour's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes which become actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura; well, you shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school-boy said, of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feeling, and tenderness; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis, that I was thinking. Good heavens! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife? I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done? I, whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables were sent home, not given—but only accepted as a favor!

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for, as the old riddle says: "anything," is what

"Many a man who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the Eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."

COURAGE.

We believe men generally to be courageous; there is, to be sure, *politic* courage and bull-headed courage, artificial and genuine courage. The man who "lets on" he wants to do something desperate—when there is no particular reason for it—merely to look wolfish, may, in case of need, be very much inclined to act sheepish; but, even your braggadocio, when penned up, put to his trumps, is very often found to possess *courage* in larger doses than himself or anybody else supposed to be in him.

Real courage depends not so much upon refined brains as a healthy state of the nerves. Instinct teaches us to avoid danger, and the nervous system must be in a high state of vitality to permit the *will* to carry the body straight and unflinchingly up to death.

He surely was a strong-minded as well as healthy-nerved man, who dodged the barbarous tortures of the Indians by a *ruse de guerre* particularly novel and terrific, to wit:—During the war on the North-Western frontiers, a Kentuckian and some friends were taken prisoners by the Indians and Canadian French, and one after another of the prisoners were despatched in the most cruel manner, by maiming, burning, and bastinado. The Kentuckian, seeing how affairs were going, begged a word with one of the chiefs, and being able to make himself understood, stated that if they spared him, he would teach them a secret by which neither bullets, swords or knives could inflict wounds upon them. The Indians paused, and after a consultation they agreed to test the secret, and if it proved a real thing, they would give the prisoner his freedom.

The Kentuckian, accompanied by several Indians, went into the forest and plucked some green herbs, which he bruised and rubbed over his neck.

"Now," said he, "strike! Let the strongest man take his heaviest tomahawk, and strike a blow upon my neck, and see if it effects a wound!"

Placing his bare neck upon a fallen tree, the Kentuckian prepared for the blow, and down it came, with all the force of the brawny arm of the Indian. But, judge of their surprise, when off fell the brave fellow's head! Death was inevitable, and the courageous Kentuckian chose the quickest and less painful! This was true, philosophical *courage!* And it took a man, *perfect*—to exhibit it. Don't you think so?—*True Flag.*

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.—The following calculations, based on a text of Revelation, is both curious and interesting. It is copied from the Charlottesville Jeffersonian, and will suggest thoughts for those who think:

A Description of Heaven.—Revelation xxi. chapter, 16 verse: "And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 948,088,000,000,000,000,000 cubical feet; the half of which we will reserve for the Throne of God and Court of Heaven, half of the balance for streets, and the remainder divided by 4,096, the cubical feet in the room 16 feet square and 16 feet high, will be 80,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did, and always will, contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last 33⅓ years,—2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years—27,000,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds, equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, then there would be a room 16 feet long, and 16 wide, and 16 high, for each person, and yet there would be room.

A GREAT LOSS.—"You have met with a great loss, neighbor Williams," said the deacon, condolingly, to Mr. W., the day after the latter had buried his wife. "Yes, a terrible loss," replied the mourning husband; "she more'n earned her livin', and I never had to lick her half-a-dozen times in my life." Williams was a man of delicate sensibilities.—*New England Farmer.*

Agricultural.

HINTS ABOUT HARNESS.

For several years past, we have adopted the following plan of treating *Carriage Harness*, with so much comfort and success, that we have concluded to recommend it to you for working and carriage harness.

The whole thing may be comprised in a few words. "With hot water, soap, brushes, and scrapers make your harness perfectly clean.—Next saturate with oil, lastly, a water-proof elastic polish and blacking."

For your information, we detail to you how we go about accomplishing these results. Select some afternoon with a prospect of a fair day following. Take your harness and take it to pieces, as far as you can unbuckle it. Put them into a tub or barrel, and pour boiling soap suds over them, and let them stand all night. In the morning, take a stiff brush, or corn cobs, or something else of the same sort, and with a smooth board in place of a wash-board, with fresh water and soap, rub the coat of grease and dirt off each side of the leather. Sometimes it is necessary to use a dull old knife to scrape with. Pass each strap through a second clean water, and hang up on a line, exposed to the sun. As soon as they begin to dry, begin to oil them. Neatsfoot oil is best, but fish oil will do very well. Make a brush by wrapping some flannel round a stick, and tying it with thread, dip this in the oil, and pass over both sides. As it dries in, go over them again and again, until they will absorb no more oil. Let them stay out over night.

In the morning, if they are all soft and pliable, you may proceed to apply a varnish. If not, put on more oil until they do get soft and pliable.

The polish is made as follows: Take a pint of fish or neatsfoot oil, add four ounces of beeswax, four ounces clean beef tallow, one ounce rosin, and an ounce of lamp black. Melt;—when melted, add about two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and with flannel cloths commence rubbing the harness both sides, draw the straps through and through the flannel. The polish must always be applied warm as the hands can bear it. Let your harness hang out one night. Take warm water and soap and wash all the black off, which will come off with sponge or cloths. Hang up, and in an hour or so, you can buckle together again, and it is fit for use. You will now have soft harness, with a dull shiny jet black surface, which will keep so for a whole year, if you have put oil enough on them to render them as soft as woollen cloth. They will retain this dull shiny black all Summer, and mud will never stay on long after it is dry.

Any person who will treat their harness so, once a year, will never regret the trouble.

If they need repairing, either do it yourselves, or have it done, before the Spring work comes on.

MEXICAN WILD POTATOES.

A correspondent of the "Working Farmer" says these potatoes were brought from Mexico by a returned soldier, and had been planted one year in this country. Mr. Hale procured four potatoes, which were about the size and length of a man's thumb—skin thin, white, eyes shallow, and flesh very white. These were carefully divided and planted and produced as follows:

YEAR.	SEED PLANTED.	PRODUCT.
1849.	4 potatoes.	½ bushel.
1850.	½ bushel.	29 "
1851.	24 "	300 "

They were offered in market last spring and sold readily at all prices—some at $10 per bushel and some at 25 cents each. Being thus disseminated, we can better judge of what they will produce in general cultivation, and I have asked many farmers in reference to the yield. All have been planted, so far as I have learned, without manure, except one lot, and most of them on sandy loam. The products are as follows:

Messrs Roys & Schoonover	raised 100 bushels	from 2 bushels.
Mr. Hoffman	57 "	" 1½ "
Mr. Brayden	30 "	" ½ "
Joseph Fellers	13 "	" ¼ "
The smallest yield was	18 "	" 1 "

Mr. Hale informs me that they have increased in size every year, and many are now six inches long, and some which I saw at the State Fair at Utica I should think were seven inches, for which the owner refused 12½ cents each.

They have been dug early and late, kept in cellars and in banks, and show no disposition to rot. When cooked they are pearly white, mealy, and in season whenever mature. Their form fits them particularly for baking; and when properly baked they have no rival that I have ever eaten. Steaming is the next best method of cooking. When boiled care must be taken not to overcook them. The first time my hired girl cooked them I cautioned her not to overboil them. She seemed a little riled, and replied, "Indade, will ye be after teaching a Paddy how to cook pratics?" When they came on the table they were *cooked*, potatoes, water and all, into very good *mush*. But a very little care will prevent this, and then you have a luxury in a potato. Should they prove in other localities to be as free from rot, as productive and as delicious as they have done in this region, they will form a very valuable addition to the potato crop.

TO KEEP MILK COLD.—Professor Mapes, editor of the Working Farmer, says:

May we offer a hint to our readers engaged in the milk business, as to the method of keeping milk cold during its travel by railroad, wagons, &c. A wet cloth thrown over number of milk cans when in the railroad cars, will secure continued evaporation, and in so doing, large amounts of heat are extracted from the milk cans. A pitcher of water, surrounded by a wet cloth, and placed in a draft of air, so as to secure the evaporation of water from the cloth, would soon be rendered cold. A pailful of water thrown over the floor of a railroad car covered with milk cans, will assist much in preventing the milk from heating; for as water evaporates and becomes vapor, its capacity for heat is increased, and it takes it from all surrounding objects. A car moving rapidly through the air accelerates this evaporation, and the milk is kept cold, if not really cooled by the operation. A man standing on a railroad car with his hair wetted, will soon find his head cool. We mean, of course, when his head is exposed to the air through which the cars move, and not when pent up in a close car. The same facts are true as to the cans of milk.

GREAT YIELD OF BUTTER.—We have an account of the wonderful yield of butter from the milk of a three-year-old heifer, owned by Miss Mary Brice, of New Scotland. From November 11th, to February 18th, last passed, there was made from her milk *one hundred and three pounds of butter*, although, to keep her calf well fed, the milk was skimmed before all the cream which would have risen had time to do so. In this way it is estimated that one pound of butter per week was lost—making the fair yield 117 pounds. Her feed, during most of the time, consisted of the gleanings of a poor pasture, and four quarts of buckwheat bran twice a day. Her value is thus stated:—117 pounds of butter, $29 25; 1,432 quarts of skimmed and buttermilk, $28 64—total, $57 89, in 100 days. If so, she will return to her owner, in 200 days, the money value of $115 78.

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—It is not perhaps generally known that one of the best articles that can be given to swine while in preparation for the tub, is common charcoal. The nutritive properties are so great that they have subsisted on it without other food for weeks together. Geese confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fattened on three grains of corn per day, and as much coal as they can devour, have become fat in eight days. The hog eats voraciously after a little time, and is never sick while he has a good supply. It should always be kept in the sty, and be fed to the inmates regularly like all other food.

TO CURE RINGBONES.—The horse must be cast. Behind the first joint above the foot is a tuft of hair, growing upon the point, and called the fetlock; in the centre of this point an incision must be made, an inch and a half long, perpendicularly through the skin, and a white, skinny substance presents itself, resembling a bladder; insert a hook in this tough substance, and a little cutting, on either side, takes it out. Experience in hundreds of cases, has proved that this method will cure the lameness, positively, but will not remove the bunches, which, probably, cannot be moved by any external application whatever.

COTTON IN WESTERN AFRICA.—Thirty varieties of cotton have been found growing spontaneously in Africa. A missionary says he has stood erect under the branches of a cotton tree in a Goulah village, so heavily laden with bolls, that it was propped up with forked sticks, to prevent it from breaking down under its own weight. The cotton was equal to that of any country. The natives manufacture cotton goods extensively.

FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—A correspondent of the Post, J. H. T., gives the following additional cure for Sweeney, Fistula, &c., which he has used with unfailing success for more than twenty years. He says our correspondent may be assured of its success in ten days use of it:

Recipe for Sweeney, Fistula, or Bruises in horses, viz.:

Oil of amber	1 ounce.
" " thyme	4 ounces.
" " spike	4 ounces.
Spirits of wine	6 ounces.

Mixed—the bruised part to be rubbed thrice a day—bottle to be shaken before used.

FISTULA.—Our correspondent at Hollidaysburg, Penn., who inquires for a cure of Fistula behind the shoulder blades, is referred to the above.

PAINT FOR BRICK HOUSES.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer has used a cheap and very durable paint for the exterior of brick dwellings, which has already stood several years, and is now quite as fresh as when first applied. It consists simply of lime-wash, with sulphate of zinc as a fixing ingredient. Any requisite shade is given by adding the colors used by house-painters. A clear and rich cream-color may be obtained by applying yellow ochre to the common new brick; a livelier and warmer shade will be added by a little Venetian red. Burnt sienna may likewise be used. This paint is far cheaper than oil paint, costs but little more than common white-wash, and nothing will remove it but the severest friction.

COTTON PICKER.—The editor of the Panola (Miss.) Picayune says he has seen a machine for the purpose of picking cotton, which bids fair to be very useful to the planting community. The machine in question is not a perfect one; it is only a temporary one for experiment, to test the principle, but from what the editor has seen of it, he has no doubt it will be perfected so that it can be made to pick from five hundred to eight hundred pounds of cotton per day. It is simple in construction and light in weight, and is the invention of a Mr. Burdine. If the machine, when perfected, can do what is claimed for it, it will be of immense benefit to the planting interest.

For the Young.

FERMENTATION.

Q. Why is *porter* much *darker* than ale or beer?

A. Because the malt of which porter is made, is dried at a higher temperature, and slightly *charred.*

Small beer is a weak wort fermented, and contains 1½ per cent. of alcohol.
Ale is a stronger wort, and contains 7 per cent. of alcohol.
Porter contains 4½ per cent. of alcohol.
Brown Stout contains 6½ per cent. of alcohol.
Burton Ale contains 8½ per cent. of alcohol.
N. B.—"Wort" is the fermentable infusion of malt or grain.

Q. What is the *froth* or *scum* of fermented *liquors?*

A. Putrefying glutinous substances (of a nature similar to yeast,) which rise to the surface from their *lightness.*

Q. Why is *beer flat* if the cask be left open too long?

A. Because too much of the *carbonic acid gas* (produced by fermentation) is suffered to escape.

Q. Why are *beer* and *porter* made *stale* by being exposed to the *air?*

A. Because too much of the *carbonic acid gas* (produced by fermentation) is suffered to escape.

Q. Why does *beer* turn *flat* if the *vent peg* be left out of the tub?

A. Because the *carbonic acid gas escapes* through the vent hole.

Q. Why does milk turn *sour* by *keeping?*

A. Because it undergoes a *fermentation*; during which "lactic acid" is formed, which turns the milk sour.

The lactic acid is formed from the sugar of milk by fermentation.

Q. Why does *milk* turn *sour* in *hot* weather much sooner than in *cold?*

A. Because heat very greatly accelerates the process of *fermentation*; during which lactic acid is formed, which turns the milk sour.

Q. Why can you *never boil stale milk* without curdling it?

A. Because stale milk is in an incipient state of *fermentation*, which the heat of the fire greatly accelerates; the lactic acid which is formed during fermentation, mixing with the casein of the milk, coagulates it.

Q. Why does a small portion of *corrosive sublimate* keep *paste* from turning *sour?*

A. Corrosive sublimate being a powerful *antiseptic*, prevents *fermentation*, which is the cause of the paste turning *sour.*

Q. What is *bread?*

A. It is a kind of food prepared generally from the *flour of wheat*, mixed with water to a dough, and submitted to the action of heat, to bake. This kind of bread is called *unfermented* or *unleavened* bread.

Q. What is *leavened* bread?

A. It is flour mixed to a dough with water, to which is added a little *leaven*, (or dough which has been fermented) or *yeast.*—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 12, 24, 3, 25, is a part of the body.
My 2, 4, 10, is an animal.
My 2, 4, 5, 6, is what we ought to cling to.
My 20, 18, 19, 12, is what we are apt to dread.
My 17, 21, 19, 23, 25, 2, is an inestimable blessing.
My 3, 20, 21, 9, 25, 11, 12, is a town in North Carolina.
My 23, 8, 11, 7, is an animal found in Africa.
My 22, 6, 4, is a post office in Washington co., N. C.
My 16, 2, 15, 6, 5, is a useful animal.
My 25, 3, 7, 9, 15, 18, 16, 21, 6, is the name of a State and river in the Union.
My 19, 21, 7, 19, 5, 4, 23, 8, 16, is the capitol of one of the States.
My 17, 10, 5, 5, 8, 11, 6, 16, 16, is what we all greatly desire.
My 4, 1, 17, 11, was one of the Roman emperors.
My 11, 14, 5, 23, 6, 16, is a town in which one of the most celebrated Latin poets was buried.
My 5, 17, 8, 23, 13, 8, 5, was an Indian chief.
My 19, 23, 5, 16, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 21, 9, 20, 8, 19, is a country in Asia.
My 18, 25, 19, 15, is the name of a steamboat that runs regularly to and from Plymouth, N. C.
My whole is what would greatly enhance the commercial interests of North Carolina, and the subject has been frequently brought before Congress.
Union, Washington county, N. C. J. W.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 10, 8, is an Irishman's nickname.
My 2, 13, 3, was a general in the Revolution.
My 3, 9, 13, is a part of a house.
My 4, 7, 8, is a very industrious insect.
My 5, 4, 9, 10, 7, is a very wicked fellow.
My 6, 1, 1, 11, 3, is an excellent fruit.
My 7, 6, 1, is what we all like to take.
My 8, 3, 4, is an article in common use.
My 9, 4, 7, is the front division of an army.
My 10, 1, 13, is a mischievous animal.
My 11, 6, 5, 8, is a tool used by shoemakers.
My 12, 6, 7, 3, is a narrow road.
My 13, 10, 9, is what we all can do.
My 14, 3, 6, 5, 8, is a useful article for bread.
My whole is an interesting little place on the banks of the Ohio river. WM. GREGG.
Wheeling, Va.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The doctor perhaps, if you are sick,
Will order at once one of my first;
'Twill also contain both coffee and tea,
Or anything better to quench your thirst.

My second is as plenty as [illegible] in summer,
Above and below, both there and here,
To the right and left I well may say,
If you use your eyes you'll see it near.

My whole tho' a little out of date,
Is often built and as often used,
If you know it not from what I've told,
When the answer you see you'll be amused.
Mobile. L. D.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Required three numbers such that a fifth of the two greater added to the less, a sixth of the least and greater added to the other, a seventh of the two less added to the greater, the sum shall in each case be 10,000?
Mass. M. T. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If the Doge of Venice were to lose his sight, what useful article would he be converted into? Ans.—A Venetian blind.

☞ Why are the Emperor of Russia and a beggar very unlike? Ans.—Because one issues manifestoes and the other manifests toes without issues.

☞ Why is an India rubber shoe like the mouth of a hard-drinker? Ans.—Because it never lets in water.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
The Steam Fire Engine of Cincinnati.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Thomas Buchanan Read.

PUZZLE.—Stone.

CHARADE.—[illegible]

☞ Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.

The Olio.

MUY HERMOSA!

Oh, wondrous fair that maiden seems—
The maiden I call mine—
Shine forth thou melting ruby light
Which gleams through Spanish wine,
And show that the hue of my lady's lips,
Is redder far than thine!

And dash once more thou foamy wave,
High on the dark gray sand;
And show if the glittering sea-foam be
As white as my true love's hand!

And leap once more thou dolphin free,
Fast darting through the brine!
Oh, in the dance my lady's feet
Are swifter than leaps of thine—
Oh, wondrous fair that maiden seems—
That maiden I call mine.

C. G. LELAND.

THE HOMESTEAD OF JEFFERSON.—A recent visitor to Monticello, thus writes of Jefferson's once beautiful residence:

"The estate is now in possession of a naval officer, who makes it his summer residence. We found on the first floor a bust of Jefferson, a portrait of Lafayette, one of Washington, and a couple of miniature 'Hard Cider' barrels, with 'Whig Principles' written on them. The estate is in a very dilapidated condition. The stone fences are falling down. But a small portion of the soil is cultivated, the gardens bloom no more, and the ivy clings but thinly to the walls. Mr. Jefferson had some queer notions concerning his domestic matters. He had 'subterranean passages' constructed, leading from his house to the quarters of the servants, so they could carry on their work and still not be seen by the guests. Among other things he built a 'wind mill,' on a high elevation, (so my friend informed me, who knew him well, and was acquainted with all his peculiarities,) but after its completion, having spent a considerable amount of money in its erection, the question was proposed to him by his mill-wright, 'How in the world were logs to be raised to such a height?' This was a poser to Mr. Jefferson; the mill worked admirably, but there was no way to get the material to it to work on, and so the project failed, and portions of the 'old mill' stand, a monument of his folly."

BLUE BEARD AND HIS CASTLE.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verier, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well known nursery tale. The formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Gilles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was a vassal of John Duke of Bretange. He was tried at Nantes on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children, who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards. The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrid superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him.

On his trial, he confessed the most horrid acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be buried alive; but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. A detailed account of the execution is still preserved in the archives of Nantes.

LADIES RIDING SIDEWAYS.—The honor of the introduction of riding sideways by women in England, is attributed to Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard Second. She it was (according to Stow) that originally showed the women of this country how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. Another old historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard the Second's reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads and corsets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anne, daughter of the King of Bavaria, who first introduced the custom into this kingdom; for before, women of every rank rode as men." In the beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, Strothard appears to have committed an anachronism, in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady should have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might, it strikes us, have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet a "pair of spurres sharpe."

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid food and drinks, medicines, and tooth washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger nail as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so softened the enamel of the tooth, that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid is removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences are manifested.

POMPEII.—Pompeii was not completely buried by a single eruption. Eight successive layers have been traced above its ruins. In the intervals the inhabitants must have returned to secure their more valuable property.

Sir Wm. Gell mentions that a skeleton of a Pompeian was found, "who apparently for the sake of fifty coins, a small plate and a saucepan of silver, had remained in his house, until the street was already half filled with volcanic matter." The position of the skeleton indicated that he had perished apparently in the act of escaping from the window.

Other instances of like character are no less striking. The skeletons of Roman sentries were found, in more than one instance, at their posts, furnishing a remarkable proof of the stern military discipline of imperial Rome. The skeleton of a priest was found in one of the rooms of the temple of Isis. Near his remains lay an axe, with which he had been trying to break through the door.—*Passmore Edwards.*

A SINGULAR SEASON.—In Peru they have a cloudy season, Humboldt says, that for several months, a thick mist obscures the firmament.—Not a planet, not the most brilliant stars of the Southern Hemisphere, neither Canopus nor the Southern Cross, are visible. It is frequently almost impossible to distinguish the position of the moon.

If, by chance, the outline of the sun's disc be visible during the day, it appears devoid of rays, as if seen through colored glasses, being generally of a yellowish red, sometimes of a white, and occasionally even of a bluish color. The mariner, driven onward by the cold, South current of the sea, is unable to recognize the shores, and in the absence of all observations of latitude, sails past the harbor's mouth which he desired to enter.—*Maine Farmer.*

PUNCTUALITY OF WELLINGTON.—The Duke's punctuality on all occasions was proverbial. The New Quarterly Review states that he was asked to two dinner parties on the same day, and at the same hour, and he accepted both invitations. How was the man who never broke an engagement to get over this difficulty? To him it was very easy. As the clock struck eight, he was at the door of one of his hosts, walked up into the drawing-room, and as he expected, found not a soul. It was one of those late houses where guests are asked for eight, and dinner is served about nine. The Duke immediately walked off, and kept his other engagement, fulfilling two dinner appointments, and giving a good lesson of punctuality into the bargain.

HYDROPHOBIA.—An English journal says that an old Saxon has been using, for fifty years, and with perfect success, a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, by the agency of which he has rescued many fellow-beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. The remedy is to wash the wound immediately with warm vinegar or tepid water, dry it, and then apply a few drops of muriatic acid, which will destroy the poison of the saliva, or neutralize it, and the cure is effected.

THE POPE'S SHIRT.—Relics of Saints, their shrines and garments, have in all ages exercised a powerful agency in performing miracles; but we were not aware till we came to Naples, of the healing virtues attributed to the shirt of a Pope—the smallest shred of which, if boiled in milk or soup, is said to be an effectual remedy for the cholera, and other diseases of a similar description!—*Spencer's Tour through France and Italy.*